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It is true, Ruth, I was in God's hands, and He has brought me back
to you.

His Jewels.—p. 142.

HIS JEWELS;

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OR,

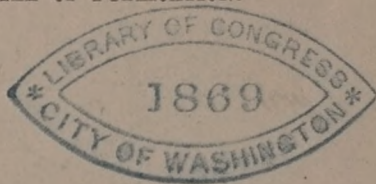
A Story of New England in War Time.

FOUNDED ON FACTS.

"Then they that feared the Lord spake often one to another: and the Lord hearkened, and heard it, and a book of remembrance was written before him for them that feared the Lord, and that thought upon his name.

"And they shall be mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels; and I will spare them as a man spareth his own son that serveth him." — MALACHI, iii. 16, 17.

35
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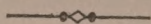
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HIS JEWELS.



CHAPTER I.

JEWELS IN THE MINE.

“Have I not shunned the path of sin,
And chosen the better part?”
What voice came through the sacred air? —
“My child, give me thy heart.”



ELL, Ruth Campbell, if you go to the prayer-meeting on such a night as this, I shall give you credit for being a little more of a goose than I ever did before!”

“But it is such a little way, and Mr. Stedman said he wanted all the young people to come,” responded Ruth.

“I should like to know if you are going to be at Mr. Stedman’s beck and call! I am sure I am not, any way; I am not going to prayer-meetings and have girls say I am

getting serious. The other night I went, and I was so sleepy I kept gaping; and you know when one gapes, one's eyes often fill with tears; and that old Miss Hawkins looked at me so sympathizingly, as much as to say, 'There goes another convert!' She saw the tears, and not the yawn, you know."

Just at this moment William Campbell, Ruth's elder brother, entered the room, hat in hand, saying, "Why girls! none of you going to church to-night? I thought I was going to have some company," in a cheery tone; for he was not one of those who believe in drawing down their faces whenever religion was spoken of, but one of those happy every-day Christians who make their religion felt in their homes like the sunshine.

It was not strange that they felt the contagion, and in a few moments they were equipped and ready for their walk; even

Jenny Mortimer, who had hardly done ridiculing it, was taken by surprise at the voice and manner, when she thought her intrenchments strongest.

It was truly a wild night. The stars had all hidden their faces behind the threatening clouds, and the wind blew as if it had concentrated all its forces for the last time, and had but a few minutes in which to execute its work. Borne on the wind came the last strokes of the tolling bell; the chapel lights shone out on the snow, and cast a light like a glory on the columns of the old church beside it.

They entered the chapel, which was already well filled, notwithstanding the severity of the weather without. There was an earnest purpose in many of those hearts, — there was a storm raging within them fiercer than the storm without. They knew that Christ would be there, and they had come to ask him to still this tempest.

“Old men and children, young men and maidens,” were all gathered there to hear the word of the Lord.

The youthful preacher arose and gave out the hymn commencing, —

“Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the billows near me roll,
While the tempest still is nigh.”

As the grand old notes of Pleyel’s Hymn swelled on the air above the wild sound of the wind and the rain, it seemed as if the room were an emblem of the quiet haven into which Jesus was waiting to guide their souls.

Outside, beaten by the storm and blown by the winter wind, was passing a poor outcast of humanity; as the words reached her ears, with a look of wonder she paused. “‘Jesus, lover of my soul!’—whose soul does that mean? ‘Other refuge have I

none.' It must be for me," she said aloud, and turned the handle to enter. She crept into a seat by the door and bowed her head on her hand, then let the strains of music sweep through her soul.

Some of the people looked in wonder at the crouching form, and the proud girl beside her gathered the folds of her dress away from her rags; but she heeded it not, for Jesus had seen her, and she had taken hold of the hem of his garment.

The music died away, and the minister's voice was raised in prayer. He prayed for the wandering lambs and outcast ones,—that they might all be brought into the fold. He prayed for those who, through fear of death, had all their lifetime been subject to bondage; and for the penitent ones. He knew not that even then God's angels were rejoicing over a sinner who had repented in that very room that stormy night. He

prayed for the aged who were so near home, and for the young who were just beginning life's battles.

The prayer rose to heaven, and the clergyman opened the Bible to read. The white-haired deacon sat leaning on his staff; the light from the shaded lamp shone on the Bible and rested like a halo upon the old man's white head, making it shine as with a crown of glory.

"Then they that feared the Lord spake often one to another; and the Lord hearkened and heard it, and a book of remembrance was written before him, for them that feared the Lord and that thought upon his name." "And they shall be mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels; and I will spare them as a man spareth his own son that serveth him."

Then the preacher went on to describe the Lord's jewels; where they were to be

found, how they were gathered out of every kindred and tongue on the earth, and how those that often seemed dull to us shone bright to those in heaven. As he described how the Lord heard every word his children spoke out of love to him and his cause, and wrote the names of such down in his book, there were many tearful eyes in the house; and when he went on to speak of the hard cutting and polishing some of these jewels must receive before they are fit for the Master's treasury, the old man looked up at the inspired preacher with a look of awe, and a light in his eyes which seemed to say,—"Yes, it is all so, pure solid truth; I have felt the cutting, and I am ready to bear more, only that I may be fit for the Master's use."

Jenny Mortimer looked on the scene in wonder. She had never before seen strong hearts touched as they were to-night.

The text preached from the Sabbath before came up to her mind: "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh nor whither it goeth; so is every one that is born of the spirit."

An invisible something seemed to be moving all hearts, and she felt her own heart almost softening beneath the sweet influences. She had an artist-soul within, and she could not help admiring the beautiful pictures before her, — of the white-haired old man, at the feet of the youthful preacher, drinking in what was to him more than the breath of life.

She tried to turn her thoughts from the words, and place the picture in her mind for one of her future sketches. It had been her favorite theory, that religion was only to be found in all things that were lovely and beautiful; in lofty strains of music, and in sub-

lime scenery ; in poetry and in painting ; and she was struggling with this thought to-night. It seemed to her for the first time as if her heart lacked something.

Ruth's face was bathed in tears ; the thought had come to her, "What if my name should not be in the 'book of remembrance' ! I have not spoken of the Lord, or feared him, or thought upon his name ; I have been all bound up in myself and my own concerns : can God be merciful to such a sinner as I am ?"

She had tried at first to keep back the tears, and in every possible way to divert her mind from the preacher's words, but it was in vain. She was unwilling her friend Jenny should see her tears at first, but she soon lost all this feeling in the one absorbing subject, and seemed to feel herself alone with a reproachful Saviour.

The aged deacon rose to speak after the

pastor had taken his seat; he had to lean on his staff, and his voice was trembling and husky, but he said he must speak a word for Jesus, who had been his captain forty years. His soul had suffered shipwreck, and the waves and billows were swallowing him up, when the voice of Jesus sounded and the waves were still. He took the proffered hand and was lifted safe into the boat. He had suffered many storms since, but he had not loosened his hold of that hand, and now he was nearing the haven and the harbor-lights were already glimmering in the distance. Before he cast anchor he must say a word to such as were perishing, and who would not listen to the voice of the Saviour; and then he gave such an earnest appeal, that, when he sat down, his trembling voice had failed him, and most all faces were wet with tears.

After the benediction, the pastor asked

those who were seeking to be found among the jewels of the Lord, and longing that their names might at last be written in "the book of remembrance," to remain for a few moments, that he might converse with them alone.

There was a struggle in Ruth's heart; it was just what she wanted to do, but how could she before Jenny? it would be confessing herself among those seeking the Lord; and the tempter whispered in her ear, "Of what use will it be; you have your Bible at home, and that is enough to teach you?"

Just then, one of Ruth's young friends, and one of the Lord's own children, noticing her hesitation, stopped to speak to her.

"Do stay, Ruth; I know it will make you happier to stay; and I will stay with you, if you want me to."

The Spirit of the Lord conquered the voice of the tempter, and Ruth waited. How little

we realize what good a few encouraging words for the Lord's cause may do! Who doubts that the Lord himself hearkened and heard this?

Jenny looked at Ruth with a little surprise, but there was no contempt mingled with it; so Ruth's fear of man was, after all, groundless, as it generally is.

Ruth was not alone among those who staid to hear more of the soul's salvation: there were many of her young friends; some of those even whose worldly contempt she had most feared when she decided to remain.

With gentle persuasive words, after the pattern of the Master, the under shepherd sought to win these lambs to the fold — not with threatenings or promise of reward, but by telling them of the love of Jesus, and how they were to come to him just as they were; for he had been long waiting for them and was at the door of their hearts even then.

After singing the hymn commencing, —

“Just as I am, without one plea,
Save that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bids't me come to thee,
Oh! Lamb of God, I come, I come.”

Then Ruth, with the others, very unwillingly turned to leave, for it seemed like the gate of heaven.

The first biting wind brought her back to a realizing sense that she was still in the world, and that her battles were yet to be fought; but the new hope just awaking within her heart lighted her way and went before like the Star of Bethlehem, for she was seeking to find where Jesus lay.

CHAPTER II.

RUTH.

“Oh! soon, to me, may summer suns
Nae mair light up the morn;
Nae mair to me, the autumn winds,
Wave o’er the yellow corn;
And, in the narrow house of death,
Let winter round me rave;
And the next flowers that deck the spring
Bloom on my peaceful grave.” — *Burns.*



RUTH Campbell and her brother were orphans. Judge Campbell, their father, had come over from Scotland in youth, to try his fortunes in the “New World.” He brought with him his “Highland Mary,” whose cheeks were rosy with Scottish bloom and whose laughter rang like a silver bell through her native greenwood; but the rough New-England climate faded her roses, and made the bell tones of her voice harsh. They took her back to her native home; but it was too late, and

"Death's untimely frost nip't his flower," and Mr. Campbell had to leave her silent dust on the Scottish shore, while he returned in sorrow to the two children left behind him. They were too young to understand the full extent of their sorrow, William being about five, and his sister Ruth three years old.

The home William Campbell had chosen was in one of the suburban towns of the city of Boston, that he might be near the English friend who had offered him a partnership in his law business.

His house was covered with vines running over its balconies and piazzas, and a green lawn lay in front; while behind rose a hill covered with a grove of trees and spread with a soft carpet of pine. A little stream threaded its silvery way through the fields at a little distance from the house; losing itself sometimes in a little hollow, and then gleam-

ing in the sunlight again through the trees beyond.

Every thing indoors showed the presence and taste of the mistress. The parlor opened into a conservatory which looked out upon the sunny lawn. This room was always full of the perfume of flowers, and the music of birds, summer and winter, mingled with the cool sound of the plashing fountain, which stood in the centre dashing its spray over the broad leaves of the callas planted around its base.

In winter the logs were piled up in the open fire-place, and crackled and blazed through the long evenings. The walls were hung with pictures, mostly of Scottish lake scenery, painted by Mary Campbell's own hand, and draped with fringe-like moss gathered in the woods near her home. Her harp stood in one corner, near a library of carefully selected books.

It was to this home that William Campbell had to return alone. The children were watching at the window for his coming, and straining their ears to catch the first sound of his footfall.

Little Ruth knew her mamma was dead, but she had never seen any one die. She had been told that when they did die, they changed into beautiful angels; and she thought her papa would bring her home with him. She knew she should never see her real mamma again, but she did not expect the sudden disappointment which came to her as her father entered the gate alone. She went with slower steps than her wont, and with quivering lip she faltered, as he took her in his arms, "Papa, where is my angel mamma?"

"Why, Ruth," said Willie, "mamma is an angel up in the sky; she can't come home."

This unexpected query of little Ruth's al-

most unnerved the strong man's heart. As the whole truth began to dawn on Ruth's mind, she sprang from him with one wild cry and fled through the house. She threw herself down in a little corner of her garden, and sobbed as if her heart would break.

His personal sorrow in coming back was almost forgotten in trying to soothe his children's passionate grief. He brought his child into the house, and laid her on her bed, and talked to her gently, and told her, the messages her mamma had left for her, and how she was a beautiful angel and would be with her still and watch over her, although she could not see her.

The little heart was finally soothed by the gentle tones of her father's voice, and the sobbing grew less frequent, until she finally slept. Then he went down stairs to his other child. Mary's harp stood there just where she had always kept it, but she

had a golden harp now. Why should he mourn? for the bird voices she heard the angel tongues; and for the light of the sun, she had the Lamb, who is the light of the city.

It was long before Mr. Campbell could rally his feelings, but for the sake of his children, he finally went back to his business.

Ruth had such curious unchildlike fancies about angels and heaven, that he felt sometimes a superstitious fear that she too would leave him, and it was really sometimes a relief to him when she behaved badly, and showed herself to be human. She was always wanting her governess to make paper wings for her, and she would sit at the dinner-table perched up in her little high chair with her shoulder winged with the last night's "Journal," looking, in her golden hair, just like a little cherub in embryo. One day she sat on the fender, and as she turned

around suddenly, her wings were just going into the blaze, when Willie, opening the door, rushed, caught her away, and the wings were only scorched; but, as Ruth afterward told her papa, she might have been a real angel in a minute, only her darling Willie caught her. Poor little thing! she was never so near being an angel before.

Years passed on; the young lawyer became a distinguished judge, and Ruth grew up to be a tall and graceful girl; while her brother was yearly receiving new college honors, and gladdening the hearts of all those who loved him by his firm adherence to truth and virtue.

Just at this time, when life was again beginning to have somewhat of its old charm for Mr. Campell; when the young girl's singing "seemed to him like her mother's voice singing in Paradise," and he was planning out aid for his son in the brilliant career

opening before him, death entered the happy home again, and William and Ruth were left orphans ; but "the Lord took them up."

A dear friend of Judge Campbell's, a poor widow whom he had often assisted, was found willing to come, with her daughter, an old beloved school-mate of Ruth's, to keep house for them. Mrs. Mortimer was a true woman and a sincere Christian, and her daughter Jenny we feel as if we knew already, from meeting her at the evening service. Jenny Mortimer was poor, but, like the wise woman of the Scripture, she worked willingly with her hands, and supported herself by her labor as an artist ; and, disregarding her own poverty, gave freely to those who were poorer. Notwithstanding her weariness from a long day's labor, she would often go and watch over some sick woman, in a dark garret, the whole night. She would buy little luxuries for the poor girls wasting away in

consumption, and deny herself what others would consider necessities. She seemed like one of the Lord's own jewels. She had had cutting and polishing, but the jewel shone only with its own light. No ray from above had yet illumined it. The ray was on its way which was to bring out the hidden light, as the light of some stars does not reach our earth for ages, but is nevertheless on its way and in the Lord's own hand.

CHAPTER III.

A JEWEL FOUND.

“Raise up thine eyes, be strong ;
Nor cast away
The crown that God has given
Thy soul to-day.” — *Miss Procter.*



AFTER the evening service, Ruth did not turn, as usual, to talk with the family, but, saying good-night, took her little candle and went up to her room with a stronger purpose in her heart than ever before. She was resolved to give herself wholly and unreservedly to the Lord, and to keep nothing back. Closing the door, she laid away her shawl and hat ; and then, taking her Bible in her hand, knelt on the floor by her bedside. She prayed long and earnestly, and the tears ran down her cheeks like rain ; she pleaded the Lord's promises,

the prayers of her departed father and mother, and the blood of Jesus more than all.

The only object in her mind was to obtain salvation by Christ's love. All other things were forgotten. She did not hear the strains of the evening hymn, in which her voice was wont to mingle; she did not heed the storm beating against her window panes. Christ was passing by, and she must touch the hem of his garment before he left her. She knelt and besought him that she might be healed.

She arose, calm and comforted, and opening her Bible, her eyes fell on the words, "Peace be unto you!" It seemed as if Jesus himself had spoken to her, and the peace came welling up in her heart. It was the most joyful moment in her life, and she laid her head on her Bible on her little table, and tried to realize the fulness of her joy. She had opened the door, and Christ had entered "Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and

to the Holy Ghost, as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be. Amen."

As she sat there thinking, she heard her brother's step in the hall. In a moment she rose to meet him, and he paused as he saw her coming: "Oh, Willie, I am so happy! I am sure Jesus loves me and has taken me as his child!" Her brother clasped her in his arms, and bent over lovingly. "I bless the Lord, Ruth, from the bottom of my heart; and now let us help each other fight the world's battles, and by and by we shall all be at home together in heaven — father, mother, Ruth, and I. It is so good to hear you say this that I can hardly believe the words. I have so often longed and prayed for it, and now the Lord has heard me. Let us thank him together, and serve him together!"

The next morning shone clear and bright over the gleaming snow; and the sky beamed with a blue light through the frosted win-

dows. The trees and bushes were laden with snow ; and the little snow-birds hopped about here and there, beneath their arched palaces.

The wind which had raged all night, had like a wild beast retired to its covert at the first gleam of the sun ; and now every thing was beautiful in its purity and stillness.

As Ruth threw open her window and looked out, it seemed as if the day was an emblem of the peace and rest God had given to her heart. A new life was begun in her soul ; and she prayed to him to perfect it, until she should be called to her "long home."

She went to call Jenny and tell her the gladness of her heart. "Oh ! Jenny, is not this morning just as beautiful as it can be ? and Jenny dear," she whispered, as she put her arm around her, "do you know there has been just such a change in my heart since yesterday ? My sins were as scarlet, and he has begun to make them as white as snow.

Jenny looked at her wonderingly and said, "I am glad for your sake, Ruth, but I really do not understand you at all; I thought you always the very goodest girl I knew," she added laughingly.

"Oh! Jenny; but it is not that," exclaimed Ruth; "I was not good and pure in God's sight; and I did not love him at all for his goodness to me. I had never given my heart to him, and never repented of my sins. Jesus had waited for me all these long years, and I had never been willing to receive him, even though he had died for me," she added after a short pause; and the tears filled her eyes at the thought of her ingratitude.

"Well, Ruth," responded Jennie, "I cannot quite agree with you, but I hope you will not be any better than you were before, for you were a great deal too good then."

Ruth looked sadly at Jenny and said,

"I am sure the Lord will show you the truth, if you only ask him to teach you. If you would only love him with me, I should be happier than words can tell."

"I believe breakfast is ready, Ruth," said Jenny, anxious to turn the subject.

It was a chill on Ruth's heart so lately warmed with Christ's love. Poor little one! she has much to learn. The seed has sometimes to be sown, and watered for years, before the Lord giveth the increase. Pray on, and wait Ruth, for "He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him;" and although you may weary with waiting, while you sow and water, God sees you, and hears you, and writes your name down in the book of his remembrance.

CHAPTER IV.

ONE IS TAKEN, THE OTHER LEFT.

“When all within is peace,
How nature seems to smile!
Delights that never cease,
The livelong day beguile.
From morn to dewy eve,
With open hands she showers
Fresh blessings; to deceive
And soothe the silent hours. — *Cowper.*



UTH soon joined the others at the breakfast table. The room never looked so bright and cheery before. The sun shone aslant on the table, the bright coals gleamed in the grate, and Pedro, the greyhound, leaped from the rug to give her his morning greeting. The door was open into the parlor, where the birds were caroling, and the flowers were blooming full of freshness and beauty.

“What a bright happy world this is!”

thought Ruth, as she took her seat at the table.

The little tea-urn sent up its column of vapor, and the amber tea perfumed its way as it flowed down into the white china cups. The golden corncake, the rich sirup, and the health-giving oatmeal were all there. The trencher with the white loaf of bread on it, and the words carved round the edge, "Give us this day our daily bread," arrested Ruth's eyes, as she sat down near it. "He gives it to us," she thought to herself; "I wonder I never thought of it before. It always used to seem to me as if we were only demanding one of our rights when I used to read it, but it is really a free gift, that and every thing else I have."

When they were half through breakfast, the door opened, and Bridget, the cook, looking in, said :

"An' if it would plaze yer honor, Mr.

William, there is a small boy in the kitchen who is afther yers, and wants to spake to yers. I can't lave the churnin', or I would have stopped to har the whole of his tark."

"Tell him to come in here, Bridget," said Ruth.

In a minute or two the boy appeared. "Please, sir," he said, twisting his hat in his hand, "the deacon's very sick, and he is all the time asking for you, sir. Mother is nursing up there, and she thought maybe it would not be asking too much of you to go and see him a minute. She is afraid it will be all up with him before long."

"I will certainly come," replied William; "I am much obliged to you for coming and telling me."

"I am so surprised," said Jenny; "he looked so well the other night at meeting."

"Yes," responded William, "he is a good friend to us all, and we shall all miss him

sadly; but I am sure there was never a saint more ripe for heaven, and it would be cruelty to keep him if we could."

Ruth, as they were speaking, noticed the boy's eager looks at the plate of muffins, and interposed, —

"Here, Johnny, wont you stop a minute, and have one of these muffins?"

"No, thank you, Miss Ruth," replied Johnny, but not without an eager look, which he tried in vain to conceal.

Ruth laughed and said, "Johnny, I'm afraid you never read the story about Isaac Hopper and the apple-pie. You just sit down here, and eat this muffin I will butter for you, and while you are eating it, I will tell you."

"You are so good, Miss Ruth," murmured Johnny, as he very willingly did what she told him. "The muffin will be good enough of itself, but with a story beside, I can't say no."

"Well, Johnny," continued Ruth, "when Isaac was a little boy, his mother sent him some distance of an errand. When he got to the house, the family were sitting at supper, and there were several pies on the table. One of them asked him to take a piece. They looked very temptingly, but he was shy, and not daring to say *yes*, replied, "No, I thank you." The family were quakers, who understood *yes* to mean *yes*, and *no* to mean *no*, so did not ask him again. He was very sorry for his answer, but not being sufficiently bold to ask again, he started for home. The pie seemed better and better, and he more foolish, the farther he went; so, finally, with a brave effort, he turned back, and, walking into the house, went bravely up to the table and said: "I told a lie when I was here; I did want a piece of pie." His confession made them all laugh, and they gave him as much pie as he could eat."

"That's a very nice story," said Johnny, as Ruth ceased speaking; "and there's one thing I know, I am glad of, and that is that you are not a quaker."

Breakfast over, William and Ruth went back with Johnny to the deacon's house, Jenny to her morning labor, and Mrs. Mortimer to her household duties.

After an exhilarating ride over the sparkling snow, William and his sister reached the house of old Deacon Howell. It seemed so hushed and still as they entered, they feared that they were too late and should never look upon the old man's face again; but in a moment Nurse Williams came down stairs to them.

"This is very kind of you, Mr. Campbell," she said, as she took his hand; "of you also, Miss Ruth," she added; "he is still alive, and oh! it is such a blessed scene; Mr. Stedman is there with him now. Will you come up?"

William and Ruth followed her to the silent room. It was not like the chamber of death, but the gate of life. The minister was praying for the soul of the dying saint, whose eyes were closed, and an expression of ineffable peace rested on his face. When they had seen him last he seemed well and strong, and the chapel picture was still fresh in their minds.

The minister's voice ceased, and the old man opened his eyes, saw his two young favorites beside him, and smiled as he tried to reach out his hand to them. Ruth arrested the painful movement and laid her hand with her brother's on his. She leaned over him and whispered,

"Mr. Howell, I have done what you wanted me to do. I have tried to give myself to the Lord. A heavenly smile passed over the old man's features as he murmured, "Blessed be his name!" Another jewel for

the Lord's treasury. The effort of speaking exhausted him, and holding both their hands in his, he fell asleep.

These were his last words. Before they lifted their hands, his spirit passed to God who gave it.

“Asleep in Jesus, blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep;
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the dread of foes.”

His last words were for Jesus, and his whole life had been a sermon. He had spoken often to those who loved the Lord, and had caused many a dim jewel to shine brighter through his ministrations, blest by the grace of God.

The earthly crown of glory lay like shining silver on the pillow. His spirit was wearing a golden crown, which fadeth not away; which had long been reserved in heaven for it.

There were no tears in the old man's room after the friends left, for it seemed a sacrilege to drop a tear there, where the old man had entered the harbor of heaven, and where the angels had been watching day and night these last days.

One was taken, and the other left. One jewel tried and cut, washed from the earth-dust and chiselled by sorrow, perfected by the great Master Workman, was taken; the other just found in the mine, just beginning to beam, with all the cutting and chiselling yet to be done before it should be fit for the Master's crown.

CHAPTER V.

THE CUTTING TOOLS.

“Has fate o’erwhelmed thee with some sudden blow?
Let thy tears flow;
But know, when storms are past, the heavens appear
More pure, more clear;
And hope, when farthest from their shining rays,
For brighter days.”



RUTH was dusting the parlor, Jenny was in her little studio, painting, and Mrs. Mortimer was giving her daily directions to the cook, when the door was suddenly flung open and William rushed in, with a face flushed with excitement, and an open paper in his hand. “Fort Sumpter’s captured!” he muttered between his closed teeth. Ruth dropped the vase she was dusting, on the floor, and took the paper from her brother’s hand.

William’s unusual tones and the sudden

slam of the door, brought the rest of the family in to discover the source of excitement.

"What is the matter?" asked Mrs. Mortimer, coolly.

"Matter!" repeated he, sullenly; "nothing, only Fort Sumpter's taken;" and his voice grew husky as he spoke; "and there is going to be the greatest war this country ever saw, and if I stay still at home it will be because—" As he spoke his eye fell on Ruth, who had dropped the paper and was looking at him as the sick man looks at the doctor who has just told him there is no hope of his life.

He repented of speaking so hastily, and went over to her and tried to pour oil on the wound he had so thoughtlessly inflicted.

Bridget, who was looking in at the open door, with a flushed face, began to think matters were getting serious.

"An' shure!" she said, "an' ain't it all along o' them shameless nagurs? An' didn't the praste say, the last blessed Sabbath, that there would be a big war along of 'em yet, and they was all a-coming to drive us from our rightful positions? In faith, I wouldn't live with 'em if they would give me lave."

Bridget's words did what William's could not do. As she stood there brandishing her arms, and groaning between every word, they forgot, for a moment, the real seriousness of the matter. Ruth looked up and smiled, in spite of herself.

"Why, Bridget!" said Jenny; "you were talking about going to heaven the other day; don't you suppose there will be any negroes there?"

"Nagurs with us in the blessed paradise! Why, Miss Jenny! An' ye would not be afthur a-being so disrespectful as arl that. Didn't I hear Miss Ruth say, only yester-

day, that in heaven there are many mansions? an' don't that prove there will be separate ones for them an' us?"

Ruth stooped to pick up the fragments of the rare vase she had broken; but the porphyry was only glass to her, although she took each piece up as if it were a diamond; it was her crushed heart she was thinking about, and not the broken ornament.

"After all, William," said Mrs. Mortimer, "it does not give any particulars; perhaps it is not true. 'Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.'"

"I hope it is not," said William; but if one had looked at his face as he said it, they would not have had much doubt as to his views of the real state of the case.

Saturday passed, and Sunday came, bringing the peace which contemplation of God alone can give to weary, watching hearts. Ruth's heart was still full of anxiety, but

prayer strengthened her to perform her daily duties; and though she tried to cast all her care on the Lord, she came to him fluttering like a wounded dove, rather than with a strong faith and assurance. It takes a long time for some of God's children to go boldly to his protection on every approach of danger. They wait to resist it in their own strength; and then, when they are worsted in the struggle, they flutter down feebly to his feet. Blessed be the name of the Lord, that he does not reject them even then, but takes them in his arms and binds up their wounds, before he trusts them to the earth again.

It seemed to Ruth as if the Lord was speaking to her through his servant, as the minister gave out the text, "Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me." As the preacher went on, Ruth's face fairly beamed; she was

thinking of the love of God in receiving her as his child, and she lifted a heartfelt prayer to heaven that her belief might not fail, and that she might have such perfect faith in him that her heart would not be troubled; and as her clear voice joined in the closing hymn, "Jerusalem, my happy home," she sang from her heart, as she never had sung before.

Monday morning was anxiously looked forward to by all the loyal people of the town. It dawned only to increase an anxiety not to be mitigated for four long years—years of weary watching and waiting, breaking of hearts, and flowing of blood.

William Campbell was one of the first at the post-office, and his heart responded to the news which met him there. An old man, who had served under General Scott, in the Mexican War, stood leaning against a pillar,

and reading the last tidings to an excited band of men and boys who were gathered around him. He had just began to read a proclamation of the President :

“‘ Now, therefore, I, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, in virtue of the power in me vested by the constitution and the laws, have thought fit to call upon the militia of the several States of the Union, to the aggregate number of seventy-five thousand, in order to suppress said combinations and to cause the laws to be duly executed.’ ”

The reader was here interrupted by loud cheers, followed by a “ tiger,” from all present, or rather, all but two. If we would be accurate, there were two who did not join in it ; one was a Virginian, and the other a man who had sold his tongue to a “ Copperhead ” at the last election.

When the uproar was over, the old man went on, and as he read the name, “ Abraham

Lincoln," in conclusion, the applause was enthusiastic. "It has the true ring," said one and another. — "Shows he has some pluck, and means to put it through in a Yankee hurry, and no mistake." — "Pretty bold in him to demand so many men," muttered the Virginian. — "He's going to finish it up and not be a lifetime about it," cried another. — "I think it is just right," squeaked a little coxcomb in one corner. "I wish he'd put me at the head of the seventy-five thousand; I would sweep over the Southern States and have the rebellion put down in less than no time."

Leaving the company to settle the merits of the new would-be commander, William Campbell returned home.

He found Ruth watering her flowers in the parlor. She looked up searchingly at him as he entered,

"It is true, Ruth, about Fort Sumpter; it

is really taken, but the President has called for seventy-five thousand men, and everybody thinks the troubles will all be over in a few months, when the South sees that the North is in earnest."

"Shall you go, Willie?" faltered Ruth.

"My darling little sister, would you have me stay, if I can do my country any good? but it is not necessary to decide this now. Let us pray to God for wisdom, and he will guide us all."

Poor Ruth! she had not realized how soon she should need her newly acknowledged heavenly friend to sustain her burdened heart.

CHAPTER VI.

IN THE LORD'S HAND.

“This heart that cannot rest,
Shall thine forever prove,
Though bleeding and distressed,
Yet joyful in thy love.” — *Cowper.*

RUTH'S DIARY.

“APRIL 20, 186-.



H! my journal, what a world this is
is we live in! We have just received
the news of the passage of our troops
through Baltimore. ‘Will all great Nep-
tune’s ocean wash the blood clean’ from the
murderers’ hands? Two of our brave
Massachusetts boys killed, and the lightning
did not come down from heaven and strike
down their murderers! But what am I
writing? The Lord hath said, ‘Vengeance
is mine, I will repay.’ And now I fear
Willie will go to the war. I cannot be

brave and Spartan-like about it. I never could urge my brother, although the country, *my* country, were bleeding at every pore; but for the sake of the love I bear her, for the sake of my mother, who taught us to think lovingly of our country, I will be silent. The iron may enter my heart, but I will not speak.

"*April* 21.—Willie has enlisted, and I have strength to write the words. 'As thy days, thy strength shall be,' was the motto for to-day in my little note-book; and it seemed almost prophetic. I take my dead hopes out, one by one, and bury them; leaving them until the resurrection, when they shall rise again in all the glory of a heavenly fulfilment. What would father do, if he were at home with us? He was looking forward with so much pride to the time when Will should graduate, '*Summa cum laude.*' I went last night, with some other

girls, to Mr. Stedman's study, to talk with him about joining the church. They seemed so full of trust in God, that I felt my own distrust all the more, and dreaded my turn to speak; it seemed as if I was presumptuous to think I loved the Lord when I had begun to doubt him so soon. I was determined to tell Mr. Stedman just how I felt, and how I had tried to give myself to Christ; and almost felt the burden drop off as I came near the cross; and I was for a time happier than I had been in all my life before; but when the news came of the war, and Willie spoke of going, then it seemed to me for a while that there was no God, and I was in despair and almost ready to give up my hope then, and in eternity.

"While I spoke my voice shook; and when I had ended, and looked up, some of the girls were crying for me. Then Mr. Stedman looked at me so gently, it seemed to

me if Christ had been there, he would have had the same kind look, only a little more grieved, as he would feel more the sin of doubting his Father. Then he said, 'Miss Campbell, you use the language of Bunyan's pilgrim to describe your coming to Christ; let me take the same. Do you not remember one of the first things Christian did after setting out for the Heavenly City was to stumble into the Slough of Despond? that is where you are now; but he was nevertheless on his way toward heaven; for all Pliable's arguments could not make him turn back.' And then he asked if any thing could induce me now to give up the hope I had of salvation, and turn back; and with all my heart I told him no. It was so kind in him not to enlarge about Willie's going to the war; for I am sure I could not have borne it, and it was all I could do to speak of it myself.

"Then he talked to us of the loving kindness of Jesus, and the Father's protecting care, and how much he loved, even when he chastened us, until all the old love and trust came back to me; and I promised, with the others, to confess his name on Sabbath after next—that is, if the church consents to propound us, and Mr. Stedman says there is no doubt about that.

"*April 22.* — Willie seems so bright and happy about going to the war, I do not think I ought to keep on such a gloomy face; but it is so hard not to. He goes every night to drill; one of Jenny's particular friends has been chosen captain of the company; she met him this morning, when she was coming back from one of her good Samaritan watchings, and he told her then. I know it is splendid in Jenny to do so much for the poor, but I am afraid she will get worn out. I try to get her to let me take

her place sometimes, but she says the people do not like strange faces ; and, to tell the truth, I'm afraid she has never forgotten my giving rhubarb instead of camomile to that funny old Miss Houghton. She said she felt a sight better after it, though ; so I do not think it could have done much harm ; and I really think, a nurse who has made one mistake is much more apt to be careful afterwards. I mean to tell Jenny so ; for she looked so pale this morning, I felt really reproached for not helping her any more.

"*April* 23. — Will is getting ready to go into camp ; and I am so busy getting his dear old clothes in order, that I really must neglect my journal until I have a little more time.

"Willie says he shall have furloughs, and come home often ; and if the war is not over before he gets down South, he will

come home with an eagle, at least, on his shoulder. They say all women have a taste for military uniforms. I do not know but that is true to some extent; at any rate, I know I am in a hurry to see my brother Will in his. I know one little kind of a woman who will admire him; his auburn hair will look so bright against the dark blue, and he is so tall. But I must not make a fool of myself, even for him. I am going to work now, hard.

"*May 3.* — How long I have neglected my diary! It seems as if important events always came in a cluster. To-morrow, God sparing my life, I am to confess his name before men; and Monday morning Willie is going away. I know I ought to give all my mind to the first; but the other keeps coming in to distract me. I do not feel so despairing about him as I did at first. The war will not last long, even some of the

wisest people say ; and Willie's colonel says he should not be at all surprised if their regiment never went into battle. At any rate, I try to think, 'Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof;' and he who noticeth even the fall of a sparrow will not forget him.

"It will be hard for me to stand up before all the people to-morrow to profess Christ's name. It seems to me as if I ought not to think so, but be thankful that I can do any thing for one who has suffered so much for me. I hope, when the time comes, I shall feel so.

"*May 4.* — I have just come home from the communion service ; it was so sweet, and yet so grand and solemn ! It seemed to me as if Jesus Christ himself was with us ; and when my lips touched the blessed emblems of his agony for us, the world seemed to vanish like smoke from me, and I to be entering the open gate of heaven.

When we rose to sing the hymn commencing, —

“ ‘Jesus, I my cross have taken,
All to leave, and follow thee,’ ”

I thought no cross would be too heavy to bear for him.

“It was such a joyful thing to be with Willie in this!—he had to stay alone so long. Why did I not come to Christ before? That makes me think of poor, dear Jenny; she is older than I, and has not come yet. She looked so sadly when she left me, I am sure she will be a Christian before long. At any rate, I will pray for her every day; and I am sure God will hear me, for he has promised to.

“*May* 6. — Willie has gone. Oh, how the house feels! It seems as if the night had been shut up in it, and it would never be day again, until he opened the doors.

But this is one of my crosses, and I mean

to bear it uncomplainingly; I know I can while Jesus helps me. I must not sit and dream, but up and labor, 'fervent in spirit, diligent in business, serving the Lord.'

"There comes Miss Crosby now. I know she is bringing work for some of us. It seems to me as if she was a kind of orderly sergeant in the Lord's army. I hope it was not very wrong for me to write that last sentence. At any rate I do not feel at all inclined to erase it."

CHAPTER VII.

MISS CROSBY, THE ORDERLY SERGEANT.

"None knelt at her feet as adorers in thrall ;
They knelt more to God than they used ; that was all.
If you praised her as charming, some asked what you meant ;
But the charm of her presence was felt when she went."

— *Mrs. E. B. Browning.*



TELL now, Miss Ruth," exclaimed Miss Crosby, as Ruth entered the room, "you do look like a June rose, this morning. I expected to find you all wilted down, now your brother's gone."

Ruth did look like a rose ; Miss Crosby was right in her comparison. Her cheeks were rosy, her mouth was a little rosebud, and her eyes were bright, like dew-drops ; while her hair hung about her like golden sunbeams.

"Well, Miss Ruth," continued Miss Crosby, "I don't mean to talk sentiment ; it

is not my way, you know; I have not got time to take from my work, so I will go right to my business first.

"I know, Mrs. Mortimer, you wont lag, for you never do in any good work, and as to Miss Ruth, seeing she has just come out on the right side, and seeing her brother has just gone to the war, I thought she would want to be doing something to make her light shine."

"Oh, yes; certainly, Miss Crosby; but what is it?"

"Well, that is the point; I was taking up rather too much time in explanation, but it saves in the end sometimes. You see we are talking of getting up a "Soldiers' Aid Society," to make stockings and shirts and such things as the soldiers need. We are going to give something to the company from our town and something to hospitals, that is, if there should be any battles. Excuse me,

Ruthie dear, but you know we must be ready for all emergencies, although we do not expect them."

"We should be very glad to do all we can, Miss Crosby; and you will put our names down, if you please," said Mrs. Mortimer.

"Oh, yes; I have my paper and pencil in my pocket," replied the brisk little woman; "and if you have no objections, I will ask the ladies to meet here next week, Thursday; you know the lecture comes Monday, the Seamen's Bethel Club Tuesday, and the prayer-meeting Wednesday; so that will be just right."

"Be sure and tell them all to come," said Ruth, as Miss Crosby rose to leave.

"Oh, yes. Good-morning, ladies," she added, as she passed out of the room. She never addressed people individually, when it could be helped; she said it took too much time for nothing.

"How much that woman accomplishes," exclaimed Ruth, as she looked after Miss Crosby's retreating figure; "even her bonnet strings are hooked or tied, to save time."

Miss Crosby was one of those useful women who are found only few and far between, generally one or two to each church; who are always busy in all schemes of benevolence, always at the prayer-meetings and funerals, and always watching over the sick-bed, where those younger and more beautiful are afraid to go.

Her few scant tresses were always strained back in a hard brittle knot at the back of her head; her dress always the same plain cut, regardless of fashion, and always short, for it was against her principles, she said, to sweep the streets without being paid for it. Then, out of doors, she generally wore a shawl, — a thick one in summer, and a thin one in winter, — and a plain straw with a green veil.

Good Miss Crosby ! what would the world do without you ? who would come and watch with the little Johnnies who have the scarlet fever ? who would know as you do, what is the best cure for the whooping-cough ? who would there be to stay with the babies, and let the tired mammas go out for a breath of fresh air ?

It is a good thing for the world, that you did not marry Joe or Ben, and have a house and children of your own to look after. For if you had, the world—well, at any rate, I do not believe it would be as happy or as good as it is now.

CHAPTER VIII.

JENNY'S LETTER.

“Thy God hath said, T’is good for thee,
To walk by faith and not by sight;
Take it on trust, a little while;
Soon shalt thou read the mystery aright,
In the full sunshine of his smile.” — *Christian Year.*



DEAR MARY : — I often think of you in your little room, sitting by the window, with the Bible in your hand, looking out over the blue waves ; and, I hope, sometimes thinking of one who loves you, whom you left the other side of them.

“I hope the French air makes you stronger and better. Do you remember, after your sickness, that you were so light, I could carry you from your bed to a chair? How often I think of our long talks together, as you were getting stronger. Do you know Mary, I am sometimes inclined to

give up all my old opinions, and try to come to the feet of Jesus, as you taught me ; instead of 'climbing up some other way ;' and then all my old prejudices come back, and I give it up.

"Ruth Campbell says she hopes she has become a Christian ; and I hardly know what she means by saying so, for I thought she always was one.

"It seems to me as if some people expected to get to heaven by believing they shall, no matter what they do for Christ ; they call it faith, but I should say, 'Show me thy faith without works, and I will show thee my faith by my works.'

"Faith without works seems to me like those beautiful roses without any perfume, which we used to have ; everybody used to smell of them, expecting to find them as full of perfume as they looked. I really believe when you found out your mistake, one day,

that you would not have given that little pot of mignonette for a bedful of my roses.

"But I did not mean to write you a theological letter alone ; so I hope you will excuse me for taking up so much of your time with my very pointless theology.

"It sometimes seems to me as if the doctrines were too deep for me, and that I had better spend my time in studying Christ instead — I suppose you would say learn them by studying Him. When you write I hope you will send me a really serious letter, for it is just what I want.

"You ask me what I am painting — an autumn scene I sketched on the Connecticut last year. I shall never forget the afternoon. Robert and Maud, my two little cousins, went with me ; and while they strayed about gathering flowers, I found an old stone to sit on, beneath a tree, which glowed with such a golden light, that I felt as if a sunset-cloud

had floated down around me. In the distance, the hills melted into the purple haze; and then came the green hills, and the river flowed beneath, reflecting the blue sky and the feathery clouds. Then on either side of the river, and more dimly in the distance, glowed the autumn foliage. Some of the trees looked as if they had caught the sunshine, and meant to hold it always, in spite of winter wind and storm. Then in the foreground I put the children gathering flowers.

"I have told you all this, dear Mary, because you made me promise I would tell you all I was doing. If I should tell you I am painting to buy whiskey, would it take away all the romance? Do you remember poor Helen Eaton, who used to sew in the same shop with you, and have such terrible pains in her side? She is very ill now, and the doctor fears she will die of consumption.

The people who overworked her, poor child, will do nothing to help her, and she is suffering every thing. She has used up all the wages she had saved these two years; the doctor now has ordered her to take whiskey, and she has no money to buy any. It was a long time before I got this confession from her.

"I do not want you to think I am always so self-denying; I am not a saint at all, and I do not want to have the reputation of being one, until I am; and so, to take away all such delusion, I acknowledge I sold my last picture to buy myself a bonnet and cloak."

"Ruth's brother has enlisted, and is now in camp. We all miss him very much, as he was quite the life of the house.

"I am glad that you were able to go to France for your health. How nice it must be to go to bed poor, and wake up rich, as you did. You must value your riches all the

more, for the years of labor that came before.

"Herbert Wharton is going to the war. He has just been chosen captain of a company. I hope the difficulties will be settled without any more battles; but it seems almost too much to hope. Herbert says he thinks the war will last for years. If it does, I fear we shall not both of us live to see the end. Next time I will try to write you a more cheery letter.

"With my best wishes for your health and happiness, believe me, as ever,

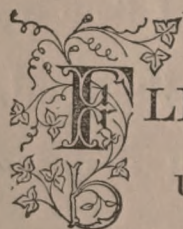
"Your affectionate friend,

"JENNY MORTIMER."

CHAPTER IX.

THE DEPARTURE OF THE REGIMENT.

“God sees from the high, blue heaven,
He sees the grape in the flower;
He hears the life-blood dripping
In the maddest, merriest hour;
He knows what sackcloth and ashes
Lie hid in the purple of power.” — *Rose Terry.*



FLING out your banners to the breeze!
unfurl your flags; gather together
your flowers, Boston! for a regiment is to
pass through your streets to-day; “one of
the first to respond to the country’s call for
volunteers.” So said the morning papers;
and long before the time for the arrival of
the regiment, Boston had all things in readi-
ness for its reception.

The sun rose in golden glory, and the sky
was bluer than ever, from the shower of the
previous night.

It was a true June morning, worthy of its

place in the year; the buds bursting into leaves, and the grass already green on the Common, while the birds sang in the branches and the squirrels hopped from bough to bough.

The regiment was to arrive at four. On all the streets, the sidewalks and balconies were crowded long before the time "the boys" were to pass.

On one little balcony stand our old friends Ruth and Jenny, among a group of their acquaintances. Their faces are sad, and they listen dreamily to catch the sound of the distant music which will be the first token of the approach of the regiment.

Ruth is looking more beautiful than ever. She wears a light gray suit, and a delicate little straw hat with a long blue feather, which partly shades her fair brow and droops over her sunny curls behind. Jenny stands by her in the striking contrast of a brunette.

She has not Ruth's gentle sadness in her face ; but her lips are pressed tightly together, and she looks as if she was trying to turn her heart to adamant.

"Hark ! they are coming," murmured Ruth, and before the words were out of her mouth, all the bells burst forth in a wild chorus, which was soon mingled with the sound of cornets and trumpets. The music grows louder, and soon the bands and the white horses of the escort come into view ; then the gleaming of the bayonets and the fluttering plumes of the officers. "They are coming ! they are here !" burst from a thousand lips, and then the air is filled with cheer on cheer, rising above the music and the bells.

With a steady tramp, tramp, the "boys in blue" pass on. The air is full of waving handkerchiefs and banners.

In the momentary excitement, Ruth forgets her sorrow, and waves her handkerchief

with the others, as the regiment passes. A sudden breeze catches it from her little hand, and it flutters down upon one of the soldiers' heads. He catches it in his hand, looks up at the fair sweet face above him, which is gazing down in consternation at the freak of her property, and puts it laughingly, into his pocket. Perhaps she will hear from it again some time and perhaps not. She has forgotten it now, for there is Willie, with his tall form, his broad shoulders, and firm step. He has two bouquets in his hand already; you need not throw him another, Nettie Dunning; but that does not make any difference. He takes it in his hand, and looks up at the balcony where Ruth had told him they were to stand; one look, one smile, and he is gone.

"There, Jenny," whispered Ruth, "there is Mr. Wharton."

Poor little Ruth! Jenny had seen him

already, for ten minutes. As he came by, she almost held her breath, but she need not have. There was no angel to tell him, and he passed on; although he would have given half his income to have known she was there.

Thus it is in life; an angel's eyes are upon us amidst a crowd of cares, but we are unconscious of it; our eyes are bent earthward, and we lose the heavenly blessing.

A little sound of hushed music, a few notes of distant bells, and it was all over.

Ruth could contain herself no longer, and regardless of all observers, hid her face with her hands, on the balcony and wept. Jenny tried to comfort her, although her own heart was aching sadly.

"Och, an' in shure, Miss Ruth, I'm after a thinking it's about time for us to be a-going home," spoke a voice from behind them. Ruth looked up in surprise at the voice, and saw Bridget arrayed in her holiday attire;

her eyes red with weeping, but she tried to speak cheerily to her young mistress.

"Why, Bridget," said Ruth, "where did you come from?"

"I' faith, Miss Ruth, and do ye suppose I would let Mr. William go off in Mr. Scott's regiment, without coming for to take a last look at him? And didn't the darling look fine, and shure, on that great capering beast, and the bells all a ringin', and the cannon a-firin'?"

Bridget was gesticulating in such a way as to draw the attention of those passing beneath, and as Ruth at this time did not care to be observed, she said to her, —

"Yes, Bridget; let us all go home; we can do no more good here." So saying, Ruth rose wearily from her seat, and with her arm in Jenny's, her veil wound over her face, started for home.

They had gone on quietly for some time,

and Jenny had just began to think Ruth was feeling happier, when suddenly a loud sob burst from her lips, and her hand tightened on Jenny's arm.

"Oh, Jenny, I try to be patient, but the great load keeps coming back ; if you only had a brother, you would know how I feel."

Jenny thought she might have some faint perception of her feelings, even though she had no brother ; but she did not say so, and continued trying to comfort Ruth.

How many Ruths there are in this world who think their trials are more insupportable than those of any of their friends ; while those same friends, who seem so free from care, are bearing about with them burdens which are even greater.

For such, what an unspeakable comfort it is to remember that the good Lord knows them all, and has promised to sustain all those who cast their burdens upon

him. The more we know ourselves, the more charity we have for others.

Mrs. Mortimer met them at the door, and without referring to their day of trial, said, "Come in, children, it is damp out, this evening; I've a blazing fire in the parlor for you."

She had made the parlor light and cheery, and the flames crackled up the chimney, and the warm coals threw a bright glow on the marble hearth.

Two armchairs were drawn up near the fire, which were not long without occupants. Mrs. Mortimer insisted on taking their things off for them, through all her work talking gently and cheerfully about the home events of the day.

When they were well warmed, and had taken their tea, then she asked them to tell her about the day.

Jenny gave a glowing description of the

reception of the regiment, and then Ruth went on to tell about seeing William for just an instant, and then his passing out of sight without her being able to say one word to him, only to catch his smile as he passed. Then while her mind was full of sorrow, and she had to let out a few of the tears which had been trembling in her eyes all day, how curiously the voice of Bridget broke in upon her thoughts, and how glad she was to get home, away from the noise and crowd of the city, and how kind Mrs. Mortimer had been to make it so warm and pleasant for them.

After they had talked over the day, they all retired to rest. Ruth prayed long and fervently for her soldier-brother, and for patience and grace for herself. She rose from her knees strengthened and comforted; she had cast her burden on the Lord, and she already felt his sustaining arm beneath her; and laid herself down in peace and slept.

Jane Mortimer went up to her little room, closed the door behind her; and then, opening the window, looked out at the stars dimly shining through the dark pines on the hill. The wind blew cold and chill, and she shut the window with a shiver; then she lighted her little candle and sat down, and bowed her head in her hands on the table, buried in thought. Weary with watching, she finally laid her sleepless head on the pillow, and tried to plan out new schemes of charity and greater labors for her busy fingers.

CHAPTER X.

WORKS WITHOUT LOVE.

“Perplexed in faith, but pure in deeds.” — *Tennyson.*



DAY in and day out, Jenny toiled on. Beautiful pictures grew beneath her hand; bright scenes of childhood, old moss-covered cottages sheltered by branching trees, with children playing in the shade; grand marine views, with foaming waves dashing against the rocks, and boats tossing about which seemed in vain striving to cast anchor; and then sometimes gentle faces with sweet sad eyes, like those of a Madonna.

So she worked all day, and when night came after a short evening rest, she would wrap her little shawl around her shoulders, and put her little close bonnet over her dark hair, and go forth, through the night and

darkness, to watch with some poor sufferer. She did not heed the rough men and coarse women, by whom she had to pass ; she was wrapped in the veil of her own purity, which none of them dared to lift. They called her "the saint," and when she drew near them, their coarse jests paused unspoken on their lips, and the women's unmeaning leer instinctively changed to a look of wondering admiration.

Poor Jenny, with all her self-sacrifice, the midnight vigils, the day's toil, was still trying to climb into the fold some other way, and not to enter by Jesus Christ, notwithstanding her recent thoughtfulness.

She was very beautiful, and had naturally a great flow of spirits ; but so many sad events had crowded into her short life, she was rather saddened. She had often jested at Ruth's religious ideas, but since the memorable evening service, she had not done so ;

although she was not ready to take them as her own, she ceased to jest in regard to them, and determined to search out the truth. She felt sometimes the shadow of peace falling on her heart, as she gave the "cup of cold-water, to one of Christ's little ones," but it would pass away, and she would again be blinded by the glare of her own self-righteousness.

Christ was waiting at the door; it would have been so easy to have opened it, but she delayed. Oh, the patience of Jesus Christ! He has seen the "good seed" in her heart, and is willing to wait for the flower, when the thought shall blossom into the glad word "enter!"

It was the evening of a hot day in July, and Mrs. Mortimer was sitting with her two daughters, as she called them, under the trees in front of the house. It had been a sad day for them all, as news had come of

the battle of Bull-Run, and the defeat of the Federal army; and they were waiting for the after-tidings, as a mother holds her breath, when the rope is lowered from the ship to reach her drowning boy.

Jenny was as pale as the white lilies which grew by her side; and Ruth's face was wet with tears, as she looked at the gleaming river.

Mrs. Mortimer was repeating the Twenty-Third Psalm, and the gentle words fell on their aching hearts, like healing leaves on burning wounds. The clock was striking nine, as she finished; when Jenny rose hastily, and went into the house. In a moment she returned with her bonnet on, and a basket on her arm.

"Why, Jenny," exclaimed Mrs. Mortimer and Ruth with one voice, "are you going out to-night?"

"Mother, I must go," she answered firmly,

“for I fear Helen Eaton is ill again, and I promised her I would come. I had forgotten it until this moment.”

Mrs. Mortimer, knowing well the nature of Jane’s promises, ceased to urge the matter; but as she kissed her upturned face, said, —

“Dear Jenny, now do take care of yourself; I really do not like to have you going down that alley alone, so late in the evening; do let me send for Robert to go with you.”

“No, mother dear, I really do not need anybody, for I am not at all afraid; I have been so many times that I know almost all the people there.”

“Well, Jenny dear, at least promise me you will sleep some to-night, and not watch all the time.”

Jenny promised, laughing at her mother’s extreme solicitude, and persisting that she

was perfectly well, said good-night, and passed out of the gate down the street.

Fish Alley was notoriously the worst part of the town. Why it received its name no one knew. Some said it was named for Governor Fish, others for the perpetual fishy odor which it certainly possessed; and one school-boy just entering on the glory of natural history declared it received its name from the fact that its inhabitants belonged to the lowest class of vertebræ. The houses were mostly built with gables, with the gable end on the street. There were a few one-room huts cowering at the feet of huge tenement houses four stories high, which hung over them like impending avalanches. It was evident that the houses in this alley were built entirely regardless of general effect.

The windows were stuffed with rags or pasted with brown paper, the doors were generally wanting or hanging on one hinge,

and only here and there hung a creaking blind. The passage-way was full of old broken kettles, crockery, old hoops, orange rinds, and everywhere dirt, dirt, dirt!

The evening was the gala part of the day, and the inhabitants generally prolonged it until twelve o'clock, singing, dancing, playing cards, quarreling, and drinking.

The alley was quite excited this July night at the news from Bull-Run. To the great relief of the town, she had contributed a large number of soldiers to the army, and various were the angry words and loud discussions.

"I say, Bill," shouted Jack Rooney, "let's have a fight; you be the Federals and I'll be the rebels, and we'll put it through as they did at Bull-Run. It is my place to give the first blow, you know," and suiting the action to the word, he adroitly overturned his opponent.

It took but a few minutes for a crowd to gather; not of peacemakers, but of war

makers, and various were the cries of "Give it to him, Bill," "Go it, Jack," and "Act like a Rooney, my pet," etc.

Just at this moment Jane turned the corner of the alley and hesitated.

"An' shure," said a drunken fellow, a stranger in the alley, "stop yer noise and see that fine young woman a blooming round the corner. I guess I'll go and escort her down the alley;" and with a rapid stride he went up to the timid girl.

"Oh, how do you do? I been expectin' you this long time," he said, with a disagreeable ogle, as he tried to take her arm.

Just then, Jack Rooney, notwithstanding his excitement, caught a glimpse of what was going on. "I won't have it!" he shouted, and flinging off his opponent went after the drunkard. Some of the people shouted "coward" and "beat" in his ear, but he gave no heed. Seizing the man by the collar, he

sent him with a toss out of the court, and then looking at Jane, said, with an entirely different aspect, "Miss Mortimer, I am very sorry this should happen. I would have lost my arm first. Are you coming to see Helen? We are rough fellows, but we wouldn't hurt you any more than our Lady," he said, crossing himself.

Jenny looked into the honest face, and followed his lead with rapid step. The men paused as she passed them, but she drew a long breath, as she reached the cottage of the sick girl and entered the door.

"I ought to have minded my mother," she said, playfully, to her guide. "She told me not to come here to-night."

"Oh, but Miss Mortimer, if you only knew how she has been moaning like for ye, all day, and we was afraid how she'd never open her sweet eyes on the mornin' sun again. And oh, Miss Mortimer," he added, waxing

eloquent, "didn't you say your own self, that it didn't soil the feet of the blessed angels to come into the houses of us poor folks, and that it did not hurt the Holy One to eat with sinners; shure and you said it was because the good Father took care of 'em, as they was a doin' his work."

"Yes, Jack, and you see he did take care of me; but if you remember so much of what I have said, how did it happen I found you fighting so? Speak softly, so as not to disturb Helen, and tell me."

"Why now, Miss Mortimer, you see I had been holdin' in all day, a thinking of the news, and the fightin', and our gittin' beat, and all that, and I believe if I hadn't fit somebody I should have bust. But I ain't going to do it no more," he added; "I'm a-goin' where there's raal fightin' to be done, in earnest, for the old flag."

"Why, Jack," said Jenny, "and you so young."

"Yes, Miss Jenny, there's younger than I goes, heaps of 'em. They puts us in to fill up the cracks. We're young, and can go where the big ones can't."


"I think I heard Helen's voice," said Jenny, with her hand on the latch. "Before you go to fill up a crack, John, be sure you come and bid me good-bye."

"I will, miss, surely," he answered; and with a little bow, his ragged hat in his hand, he went out of the door.

CHAPTER XI.

JENNY'S ILLNESS.

"The sky is overcast,
Yet stars shall rise at last,
Brighter for darkness past,
And angels' silver voices stir the air." — *Proctor.*

ENNY entered the sick room. It was such a relief from the dust and filth outside. The window was open, the soft air from the clover fields beyond filled the room, which was scrupulously clean. It boasted of no chair, only one or two old chests, and the narrow bed on which the sick girl lay. On the shelf opposite, stood a broken vial containing a beautiful rosebud. It seemed as out of place as the fair young girl herself. By the bedside stood a barrel, with a white cotton covering, and a bottle and mug of water on it. It takes some time

to describe the room, but it would not have taken one long to see all there was in it.

On the rude bedstead lay the poor suffering girl; little golden curls clustered around her transparent brow. Her long hair had been ruthlessly cut by her landlady, to be sold to pay her board. Her large, dreamy, gray eyes rested on the rosebud, and her pale, thin hand clasped a well-worn Testament which lay beside her.

Her eyes brightened, and a sudden glow tinted her cheek, as she looked at Jane's face.

"So long — so tired," she said, as she took Jenny's hand.

"Don't talk, dear Helen," murmured Jane. "I have come to stay with you to-night;" and she laid off her bonnet, sitting by the bedside, and opened the basket. "Here are some lemons and sugar, some jelly and wine, Ruth sent you," she said; and then took them out and laid them on the shelf.

"Dear Miss Ruth," murmured Helen, "she is one of Christ's own little ones. She came here, the other day, and sang, — it was like an angel's voice, — so sweet. And then she talked to me of Jesus, just like my own dear mother," she added; when here she was interrupted by a fit of coughing, and Jenny urged her not to try to talk any more.

With a light and noiseless step, Jenny changed the pillows, and took off the heating comforter, and laid her soft blanket shawl in its stead. Then she took a clean handkerchief from the basket, and dipping it in cool water, laid it on the brow. Then she made some iced lemonade, mixing with it a little of her own earned whiskey, and put it beside her on the barrel. Then she took off the wet linen, and cooling her fingers on the piece of ice she had brought with her, gently passed her hands over the fair brow, until the lids fell heavily over the bright

eyes, as clouds float down over stars. Soon the fingers loosened from their hold of the book, and she sank into a quiet slumber.

"An' sure, an' do you want any thing, an' are you arl comfortable for the night?" screamed out a harsh voice, as the door swung open.

Jenny arose and went quickly to the door. "Oh! Mrs. Flanigan, do speak softly, for I have just got her to sleep!"

"Och! an' it's nothin' but slapin' she does, arl day; an' I'd do that, wouldn't the house be in rack and ruin?" she added, with her tone but slightly softened, and flounced back to her own room.

Helen's eyes opened, and she began to cough. Jenny, striving to put down her vexation, went to her and gave her some medicine.

"What was that noise?" queried Helen. "I thought I was in Heaven, when, sud-

denly, a dreadful giant seized hold of me, and thundered in my ear, to know what I wanted there !”

“Never mind, dear ; it was only Mrs. Flanigan, who came to see what you wanted for the night. Don’t talk, and I will try to soothe you again.”

It took longer this time, and poor Jenny’s arms ached before the result was again attained. When it was, from sheer exhaustion, her own head drooped on the window seat, and she was soon sleeping, too. When she awoke, morning had begun to dawn, and the morning star shone in the east. Her shoulder and arm were both stiff, and her head was aching with a dull, heavy pain. She rose and went to Helen’s bedside ; she seemed to be still sleeping ; but, as Jane came near, opened her eyes.

“Oh ! Jenny, such a happy night I have not had for a long time ! Such a sleep !”

she murmured, and a bright smile beamed on her face. "I felt so safe with you, so happy, that I could sleep." Her eyes rested on Jane's pale face — the smile faded. "Jane, you are ill!" she exclaimed; "you must go home. Do knock at the next door, and ask Jack Rooney to go and get a carriage for you."

Jane did not dare to expostulate. She certainly looked the sicker of the two; and although she longed to stay, she felt her aching head could not bear it, and did as Helen told her.

Jack was out of the house in a minute, and in ten times that, the carriage was at the door. Jenny kissed Helen, and told her she would be well very soon, and come and see her again. Jack helped her into the carriage.

"Goodness! Miss Mortimer, how pale you look! Don't you get sick, for if you

do, there wont be any one for me to say 'good-bye' to, who cares for me;" and a tear started to his eye, but he hastily brushed it off with his rough sleeve, as if it were unmanly, and went slowly back into the house. In the incredibly short time Jack had not only ordered the carriage, but had told the servant at Mrs. Mortimer's, that Miss Mortimer was coming home sick, and she must get a place ready for her, and tell her mother. When the carriage stopped at the gate, Jenny was led in gently and laid on the sofa. As she felt the pillow, she closed her eyes wearily with a sigh. Just then her mother entered the room. It took but a glance to see the state of her child, and after a few gentle words, she called Ruth and the servants, and carried her upstairs into her own room, which was cool and darkened. Then, leaving Ruth in charge, she dispatched a servant for the doctor.

CHAPTER XII.

NEWS FROM THE SEAT OF WAR.

“One prayer — Thy will, not mine! — and bright
O’er all my being,
Breaks blissful light, that gives to sight
A subtler seeing.” — *Anon.*



HE doctor has been to see Jane, and has pronounced her case to be one of typhoid fever, brought on by excitement and overwork.

He has given her an opiate, and at last she is sleeping, so we can leave her and look over Ruth's shoulder as she reads the telegram just brought to the door. “All right with me; all wrong with the army. William Campbell.”

Ruth's face glowed with joy; she was not sufficiently patriotic to regard the country first. She went to tell Mrs. Mortimer the

good news, and then, hardly waiting to hear her exclamation, went down to the kitchen to proclaim the news there.

"Oh, Bridget, such good news from Mr. William! He is all safe; they have had a great battle and he was in it all and did not even get wounded."

Bridget was standing with her arms up to her elbows in flour, but as Ruth came in, she drew them out, and before Ruth had finished her sentence, she wiped her eyes, utterly regardless of flour.

She made an odd picture standing there with her dress tucked up behind her, her sleeves rolled up above her elbows, and tears and flour all over her face in hopeless chaos.

"Oh, Miss Ruth," she said, "and now will the poor dove fly home. Didn't I pray to the Blessed Virgin only last night for to take care o' him. I' faith, and I'll get the praste

to add a new bade to my string for the purpose of thanking the Mother for this. But now, Miss Ruth," said Bridget, with a kind of a whisk and dance, "wont we have good times agin' Mr. William comes home?"

"Oh, Bridget," said Ruth, her happy face a little saddening, "I fear he wont be back this many a long day. His army was beaten and they will have to try it again."

"Erwusha, now, Miss Ruth, I think we'll have to go and fight 'em ourselves. I fired off a goon ter onst, when Mr. Will'm was a boy, and shure I can do it now."

"I did not know he ever had a gun then, Bridget; I thought mother was not willing."

"An' shure, Miss Ruth, I forgets now what the name of this is, but I'm afther a-thinkin' he called it a pop-goon. You needn't laugh now, Miss, I'm not one of those ignorant Irishers don't know what nothin's made for; and I don't, o' course, 'spose they use

small corks in 'em; but goons is goons, and if I fired off a little one, I could a big one."

"Well, Bridget, when I go I'll take you, you may be sure of that. How does the gruel for Miss Jenny, get along?"

"Oh, it's all right. But don't you think, my darlin', I cried 'cause I was sorry; but och, I couldn't help it. It's a way I have, bein' of a contrary nature, I think. When the butter don't come, after me churning, I laughs, and when I hears Mr. William's arl right I cries."

Ruth had stood with her hand on the door-latch, just starting to go, ever since her first announcement, but Bridget was so irresistibly amusing, she had to wait and hear her.

"I think there's somebody knocking, Bridget; look and see," said Ruth.

Bridget, giving her face a hasty wipe with

her apron, rather the worse for opening stove doors, went and opened it.

"Well, now, if here ain't Johnny Williams!"

"Oh, Miss Ruth," called Johnny, as he caught a glimpse of her dress, "what is the news?"

But Ruth had closed the door and did not hear.

"Bridget, do tell me what is the news?"

"News," says Bridget, "didn't you know Mr. William is never coming home no more, and the whole army is cracked to pieces?"

The little heart heaved, the eyes filled with tears, and with one loud sob, he was rushing from the house, when Bridget, frightened at what she had done, called him back.

"Why Johnny, mavourneen, I want to tell yer, I was only making a little fun, and indade, I think myself it was but a sorry

thing to fun about. Master William's all well, and safe in Washington."

Johnny was a little bit angry; he thought Bridget had been unkind to him; and forgetting the really kind heart she always had shown to him, his eyes flashed, and he said:

"I think you are the *cruelest* girl in the world, and I will tell Patrick Keegan. There he is coming now, to see what a sweet face you have." Bridget glanced up hastily at the little glass on the wall, and began to laugh.

"It is swate, Johnny, there's no mistake;" and so saying, she turned to the sink, and splashed the cool water over it; and just as Patrick entered, looked up from the towel with such a bright face, that Johnny began to think that what he could say might not have much influence on Patrick after all. So, Bridget putting a small donation in the shape of a cake in his pocket, he went off through the yard whistling "Hail Columbia."

CHAPTER XIII.

RUTH FINDS OUT WHAT THE LORD WILL HAVE HER DO.

"I sometimes hold it half a sin
To put in words, the grief I feel ;
For words, like nature, half reveal
And half conceal the soul within."

—Tennyson.

RUTH'S DIARY.

" AUGUST 4.



H! my diary ; how I have neglected you ! But I have been so very hard at work, I really have found no time to make a record of my doings. Jenny has been so sick ; one night we thought she could not live. Miss Crosby was here, the dear old creature, and she took every thing in her hands to manage. She said she knew just what ought to be done, and she could do it. She said she was a nurse by nature. I do not see, for my part, how she can have so many good things in her,

'by nature,' and yet believe in 'total depravity.' I do not believe they did come 'by nature,' myself. Any one who has such lines in their faces, as she has, must have come out of great tribulation, before they become 'ministering angels,' as she is. I wonder if I have got to be cut and ground, before the Lord will take me as one of his jewels. I cannot bear the cutting tools, except he be with me; they would crush me. But what am I writing? Is not he the master, and are not the jewels in the hands of his own workmen? I will not be afraid. What does it all matter, so that he receives me at last? When trouble comes he will give me strength to bear it. There is a great deal expressed in that old anecdote: A man, much disturbed by the thought that he might not have sufficient grace to die as a Christian, was told: 'You must not expect to have dying grace to

live by. When the time comes, the grace will be given.'

"We had a letter from my dear, noble brother Will, yesterday. He was in the thickest of the fight. He had a very hard time, getting separated from the regiment, by being unable to walk. He was sick the night before the battle, and the surgeon advised him not to go with the rest; but he would go. He says the rebel pickets were near them, and the one or two of his men who were with him all night. He said they could sometimes see them, and hear them talking. The last words in his letter, were: 'I am more determined than ever, to stand by the old flag!' Dear, good boy! I am sure he is worthy of his country. May God be with him. I hope I am not a traitor to wish he were at home. He says Herbert Wharton was the bravest fellow in the company, and will be wearing

stars, before long, for his courage. I know somebody who will not be sorry to hear it.

"Poor Jack Rooney! He came in his military suit, to say 'good-bye' to Jenny, and she could not see him. It was the night she was so very sick. I knew she had a Testament to give him; and as I feared it might not reach him otherwise, I gave it to him. He was so thankful, and said he should keep it, for her sake; although he feared he could not learn to love it, for its own. I hope he will, I am sure. I hope it is not a sin, but I rather like to hear a man stand up for his own faith, until, by sound reasoning, and study, he is persuaded to change it, and, by the blessing of God, come into the fold by Jesus Christ. I think he will read it first, for Jenny's sake; and then I am sure he must love it, for its own. He left a little brooch, he had carved for her, out of a piece of bogwood his sailor uncle had brought from England.

"*August 5th.* — Miss Crosby says Jenny will be able to come down to our prayer-meeting, to-morrow. I do hope the girls will come; I am sure it is for our good; although one or two of them persist in saying it is not. I used to be inclined to think so, too; but my friend Susie told me such beautiful stories about the prayer-meetings the girls had at school, that I gave up all my opposition.

"She said they tried to persuade one of their number who was opposed to it, to say a verse when she came, but she could not even do that. The next meeting she came again, and to the surprise of all, joined in prayer with the others; such a prayer as only one of God's own children could make.

"After the meeting, Susie was walking home with her and asked her how long she had felt so. She looked up in her sweet, bright way, her eyes filling with tears, and answered,

'Oh, since the last meeting.' How glad Susie must have been that she asked her to go. I wish I might be the messenger of such glad tidings to some of those whom I love.

"Mr. Stedman came here this morning to see Jenny. Those great gentle eyes of hers looked at him so earnestly when he spoke to her of Jesus Christ, I am sure the mist which hides his divine nature is gradually melting away. Oh, for the glad day when we shall all see him as he is!

"*August 6.* — Our prayer-meeting is just over. Jenny was brought into the room, and laid on the lounge. I did not like to ask her, because she had not wished to be asked, but I was so glad when she proposed it herself.

"We had such a meeting. We had it so informal. We read the Bible and sung, and then, beside the prayers, we talked. They that love the Lord spoke often one to another,

and the Lord kept a book of remembrance in which to record their names.

"We must not give these meetings up. They seem to be the links in the chain that binds us to each other and to the Lord.

"Jenny said she had no idea a prayer-meeting could be so delightful. She said she never enjoyed any thing so much in her life.

"We are to praise Him together in heaven, why not pray to Him together on earth.

"Jenny wanted me to go and see Helen Eaton; so last night I went. We are going to have her brought here. I am sure we can take care of her, and it is so dreadful for her to have to live in that noisy, dirty place. I shall have to give up some of my own pleasures, but what did Christ give up for us? and "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye do it unto me.'


"I read to her the last chapter of Revelation, and gave to her Mrs. Browning's poem,

‘He giveth his beloved sleep.’ She has such a love of poetry. Next to the Bible, she says she loves my hymns. I am so thankful God has given me something to do for Him. Miss Crosby is going to watch with Helen to-night, so I shall stay with Jenny, and I must shut you up, little diary; you are the herbarium of my thoughts. Would that imply that they are flowery? I did not mean it should. Good-night.”

CHAPTER XIV.

THE SOLDIERS' AID SOCIETY.

“Words are mighty, words are living ;
Serpents with their venomous stings,
Or bright angels crowding round us
With heaven’s light upon their wings ;
Every word has its own spirit,
True or false, that never dies ;
Every word men’s lips have uttered
Echoes in God’s skies.” — *Miss Proctor.*

LICK, click ! go the knitting-needles ;
shirr, shirr ! go the great shears
through the cotton-cloth, and buzz go the
women’s voices. If you doubt now, what is
going on in the hall, I fear you are one of
those who, in 1862, having ears, heard not,
and having eyes, saw not.

“I say, Miss Crosby, where do the gussets
go, and where are the wristbands ?” and
“what are gussets, any way ?” — “Miss
Crosby, where are the buttons ?” — “Oh, Miss

Crosby, just do please tell me how to turn this heel — I never knit a stocking in my life."

There she stands, the soul of the company ; stepping gracefully here and there, basting a gusset for one, getting the buttons for another, and taking up stitches in recreant heels. She is not confused ; her face is calm, and her head is clear ; and whatsoever she does, she does " heartily, as to the Lord and not to men."

It was cheering to the soldiers to think of the bright eyes that bent over the stitches in their stockings, and the little fingers that slipped the needles in and out, but unfortunately the stitches were dropped sometimes, and it was rather provoking to see them coming to pieces the first time they were worn. No doubt " the boys " wondered sometimes at the lack of anatomical knowledge they displayed, and wondered if the bright eyes really thought they had no ankles ; and that

their feet had really grown so much, practising in Southern mud.

No doubt it did require an effort sometimes to keep back a shout, as some of these outlandish garments appeared (I wonder if any of them ever made the effort). Undoubtedly the Miss Crosbys made the best stockings, but it was good to know that they were remembered by the Annie Lauries, even though their efforts were not always very successful. I am sure, though, that the third year stockings were better than the first.

Ruth sat in one corner sewing on a shirt. The work would get wrong — the wristbands go for facings, and the bindings for wristbands — it was so confusing; but the little fingers ripped and ripped, and basted and basted, until the garment really began to look like what it was intended for.

Jenny sat beside her, looking thinner for her illness; but so well that no one alluded

to the change. She was knitting red, white, and blue in the leg of a stocking; but it seemed the gayer the work, the sadder her face grew. Miss Hawkins had begun to read a letter written from one of the hospitals after the Bull-Run battle, and it was not at all cheering.

Not only defeated, but wounded! such a sad story it was; and as the soldier went on to tell of the heart-rending scenes after the battle, the needles flew faster, and tears as well as stitches filled the threads of the garments.

Miss Hawkins was not like Miss Crosby. Her intentions were good, but she was utterly devoid of tact; or, as Mr. Stedman would say, the milk of human kindness. She had schooled herself to endure all things with stoic firmness. If she had ever had any weaknesses, nobody knew them.

She had Miss Crosby's brusqueness, with-

out her gentleness. She was one of those people who seem to have been born grown up. I do not mean by that, that she was like Eve; although she may have been like her when fallen; but she seemed to have no love for childhood, and no considerations for young people. She would go without her tea for weeks for the sake of buying a shawl for poor old Mary Shaw; but she would give it with such hard advice, that to Mary it seemed dearly bought. She was a terror to all boys; no one would even ask her for a peach or a flower, although the trees bent to the ground with their burdens. If they had asked her, she would have given them; but no gentle smile or kind word would have gone with them, and most preferred to go without the peaches.

Poor Miss Hawkins had chosen this thrilling letter to read, thinking it would "stir up" the people to work. She did not re-

alize that the people who were not there were the only ones who needed it; she did not realize how the young heart palpitated, and the lips quivered, as every word was personally applied. Each one said to herself, It may some time be the news from my brother, my son, my friend.

Miss Hawkins did not believe in homœopathic doses. She tried to be a Christian. She went to church three times on Sunday, and read six chapters a day in the Bible. She prayed three times a day, using the prayer-book. She went without carpets for the sake of sending money to the Home Missions; but one day, when the wife of one of our Home Missionaries called to see her, and thank her tremblingly for her kindness, she poured forth such a flood of words against extravagance and conformity to the world, that the poor woman, struck with wonder at what dreadful sin she could have

committed, left the house in tears. Afterwards she learned that the little bonnet and pink ribbon she wore was the cause of it all. She took pains afterwards that Miss Hawkins should know it was made by herself from a piece of her mother's wedding-dress and some ribbon given her by one of her Sabbath-school scholars, and cost nothing at all, except half an hour's labor.

Miss Hawkins seemed like a river covered with ice. There was a warm current underneath, but the sun never was powerful enough to let it out. But there was a sun-beam came at last which melted the ice. It was in the shape of a little child who was bequeathed to her by her brother when he died. As she entered, the leaves quivered, the flowers bent, the birds sang, and, as she sprung with a bound into her aunt's arms, the ice melted, and the warm current burst forth, never to be frozen again. Then

through the eyes of a little child she saw the heart of her Master, and became as a little child herself.

But Miss Crosby was improving all these years she was losing. While this river was frozen, the other river flowed joyously through the meadows, and watered them, and made the grass spring up and the flowers grow, and bore little boats of happy children on, and refreshed weary pilgrims. It reflected the beauties of all about it, and sparkled and shone in the warm light of the beaming sun.

While Miss H. is reading her letter, we have found out much more about her than she knew herself. Ruth is not in the room, but in the entry; she stands by the window trying in vain with her misty eyes to thread her neddle. Miss Crosby's arm is around her.

"Ruth, sweetheart, just think what your

Willie has escaped; the good Lord has delivered him from all those pains Miss H. has been reading about. Have you lost your faith in Him so soon, little one?"

As she said this, Ruth raised her eyes to the calm face bending over her, then with a sudden impulse threw both arms about her neck, and kissed her. The quiet face grew softer, and the pale lips pressed the rosy cheek laid on her shoulder. There was some danger of an overflow on both sides this time; but Miss Crosby gently disengaging her, said, —

"Now, Ruthie, the box must go to-morrow, and if you take such long resting spells, I fear the shirt will not go with it."

"That is true, Miss Crosby," said Ruth, resolutely; and, wiping her eyes, she took up the shirt and went back into the room with her.

The letter was finished, and one of the

girls was telling an amusing incident of the battle, which served to brighten up the company a little.

As they were about to go home, and all the work was folded up, the music of a band was heard, and the company who were forming marched by.

"Oh, how soul-stirring that music is!" exclaimed Ruth, as the well-known strains of the "Star-Spangled Banner" filled the air.

As she looked round to catch Jenny's eye, she saw she was not there; surprised, she ran out into the entry and found her there, putting on her hat.

"Why, Jenny, why do you not come and hear the music?"

"I was tired, Ruthie. I thought I would slip away without troubling you."

"You dear little pigeon, did you suppose I wanted to stay without you," said Ruth,

laughingly, and, putting on her own hat, went out of the house with her. "But what makes you so pale?" continued Ruth.

"Those were such dreadful things Miss Hawkins read. I felt as if the iron bullets were cutting right into me."

"So did I; and you know I kept thinking of Willie, and what if he should get any of those dreadful wounds, until I could not bear it any longer, and went out in the entry; and then dear, kind Miss Crosby came and talked to me, and brightened me up, so I could go back. Oh, Jenny, you do not know what a torture it is to have a brother in the army!"

"No, I don't," replied Jenny rather shortly, and then added, "what do you think now, Ruth, about Miss Crosby? You used to say she was as homely as our old hedge-fence, and Miss Hawkins was a grand kind of handsome, like a queen."

"Did I ever say that, Jenny? I had forgotten it," replied Ruth, as her merry little laugh rippled out on the air. "I never think whether Miss Crosby is handsome or not; but now you have spoken about it, I do remember she has rather a funny little wad of hair behind, and her face is all over freckles; but she has the dearest little mouth and the whitest teeth I ever saw."

"Well," said Jenny, "now you have found Miss Crosby handsome; has Miss Hawkins grown into the hedge-fence?"

"Oh! Jenny, do not let us talk about her; I do not like to think of her. Let us step in, a minute, and see old Mary Shaw."

The old woman was sitting alone, by her window, with an open letter in her lap. Her eyes were shut, and her spectacles were just dropping off her nose, as she nodded. Ruth caught them gently, but the rustle of her dress awoke the old woman.

"Why, Miss Ruth, is that you? it is queer you happened in just now. No, 'tain't, neither; 'tain't queer, for I was just a-praying somebody'd come in and read this letter to me; and you didn't happen, because the Lord sent you! I wonder when old Mary will ever talk straight! But who's that side er ye?"

"This is my friend, Jane Mortimer," replied Ruth.

"Jane Mortimer," repeated the old woman; "oh, yes, I knew her father,—looks like him, some," she said, putting on her spectacles. "I wonder if she takes after him! Be you one of the Lord's lambs, dear?"

"I don't know, Mrs. Shaw," faltered Jenny; "I'm afraid not."

"Not one of the Lord's lambs, and you so many years grown? May the Good Shepherd have mercy on ye, before yer old, like Mary!" and then looking at Ruth,

whose eyes had filled with tears, as the old woman spoke so pitifully, said, "Well, Ruthie, we must pray for her; and we'll ask the Lord ter make 'er one o' his lambs. Not one o' his lambs? Poor thing!" and the tears ran down the old woman's face.

Ruth saw it was getting too painful for Jenny, and to divert the old woman's mind, took up the letter, and said, —

"Shall I read this now, Mrs. Shaw?"

"Why, yes," she replied; "what that dear young thing said, like ter put it out er my head. Here it is."

It was a letter from her son, in the army, and full of tender memories of home, and glowing accounts of his regiment. He had not been in battle, but he was ready to stand up for the old flag, etc.

Old Mary wiped her eyes many times, and murmured approbation at the spirit of the letter. As Ruth finished, she said, —

"He's such a good boy, — I didn't want him to go ; but the Lord 'll take care of him. Now, Miss Ruthie, my eyes are so dim, if you would just read me — no, the other young lady ; if she will just read me one of these psalms, maybe the Lord will let a little light into her soul."

Jenny sat at her feet and read the Nineteenth and Twenty-third Psalms, and then they rose to leave.

"Wait a minute. Where's that little hymn Miss Crosby cut out for me? Oh, there 'tis ; there, Miss Ruthie, you may take that home with you, and read it, if you'll bring it back. Do, both of you, come and see me again. It is so like a cool breeze, this hot day, to see yer."

As they were going out, Jenny heard her saying to herself, "Not one of the Lord's lambs ! Poor, poor thing !" Ruth did not speak of it ; although Jenny's eyes filled with tears.

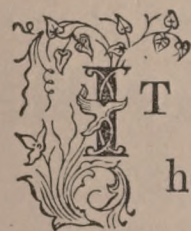
At any rate, Jenny's feet often pressed that little footpath after that, and every night a prayer went up from that lowly cottage, that the Good Shepherd would bring the lost one into his fold.

"And when he had taken the book, the four beasts and four and twenty elders fell down before the Lamb, having every one of them harps, and golden vials full of odors, which are the prayers of saints."

CHAPTER XV.

SHE "SPEAKETH OFTEN" OF HIS LOVE.

"The day is past, and the darkness falls
From the wings of the night,
As a feather is wafted downwards
From an eagle in his flight." — *Longfellow.*



This is sabbath twilight — the thinking hour — the praying hour. There comes a pause in the cares and labors of the day. The sun sinks beneath the horizon, and we begin to hear "the trailing garments of the night sweep through her marble halls."

The books are laid aside, the pen pauses in writing, and one must cease from active labor until the evening lamps are lighted. I believe only those are in haste for the lights, who do not like to reflect on the day that has passed.

"Isaac went out to meditate at eventide,"

had been Mr. Stedman's text that summer afternoon; and since the afternoon service, Ruth had been reading aloud to Helen Eaton in Mrs. Charlesworth's "Ministry of Life." But the sun had set, and the shadows were gathering over the letters; so Helen reached out her thin hand and gently closed the book.

Ruth looked up and smiled. "Oh, you little monitor, many thanks. It is true I do not want to lose my eyes just yet, even though Dr. Howe has made a Paradise for the blind people.

"That reminds me to ask you, Miss Ruth, if you have ever been there."

"Have I never told you about it, Helen? I went out there one evening to see a blind friend of mine who was there for a little while, and he took me out to hear the children sing. They were in their little rocking boat in the back yard, and it was so dark I could not discern their faces. It seemed so

wonderful to think it was the same as day with them. The stars were shining down on them and they were warbling that charming song commencing, —

“Beautiful star, in heaven so bright,
Softly falls thy silver light.”

It seemed so sad, that the tears would keep falling, in spite of all my efforts — to hear them singing about the beautiful stars, when they could not see them.”

“They will see them all by and by, though,” exclaimed Helen. “Oh, what a thing it must be to see heaven, before seeing this world. To have the first view so glorious!” and as she spoke, she closed her own eyes as if she herself could see it by shutting out the world.

“Oh, Ruth,” cried out Jenny, opening the door, “you must come out in the garden. The clouds are beautiful; and the air is as cool and soft as May.”

"Yes, Jenny, in a minute; I have been telling Helen about the Blind Asylum, at South Boston."

"Did you tell her about that motto some one suggested to have on the wall, at one of their musical exhibitions?"

"No, Jenny; what was it?"

"'Music is light in darkness!'" replied Jenny. I tried to find out who it was suggested it, but I could not. I think that they would almost die of sorrow, if it were not for music. They have organs there, and a band, and a great many pianos also, for the blind pupils to practise on. But are you ready, Ruth? We are losing all this beautiful twilight."

Ruth responded by putting on her hat, and opening the door. The two girls went out of the house arm in arm. The birds were singing their evening song; and the yellow lights from the west, shone on the

grass and trees, and made the river a golden band in the distance.

"Come, Ruthie, come up in the grove, behind the house; we can see the best of the view from there, and can sit on the rocks."

Mrs. Mortimer stood at her chamber window, and smiled to herself, as her ear caught the last remark. "They cannot see what I call the best of the view," she thought.

"Here, Jenny, here is such a nice rock; and the vines are hanging over it from the trees above, so it looks like a fairy's bower; and here is the green moss for your feet, and for me," she said, with a laughing gesture of humility. "Oh! Ruth, it is so beautiful! See where the river gleams through the trees there. How can heaven be more beautiful?"

"Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, — neither have entered into the heart of man,

the things which God hath prepared for them that love him," repeated Ruth, solemnly.

"And how are we to tell if we love him?" queried Jenny.

"There is your mother's face at the window—how can you tell whether you love her, or not?"

"It is a part of my being, to love her," replied Jenny. "I suppose the love first came from her loving me."

"We love him, because he first loved us, too."

"But, Ruth, when I disobeyed my mother, she always forgave me, and I never was afraid to tell her when I had done wrong; but I fear to pray, when my heart is wrong."

"Jenny, dear," said Ruth, laying her hand on hers, and looking up, with her blue eyes full of tears, "why need one pray, if one's heart is all right? And has

not our Father promised to forgive our sins, if we only confess, and forsake them?"

"I know it, Ruth; and you are a dear, sweet little angel; and I have no doubt there is a harp in heaven waiting for you," she said, lightly; but then, changing her tone, suddenly, she added, "but I cannot see my way there!" and Jenny covered her face with her hands.

Ruth was really distressed; she thought she knew how to show the way to heaven. She had even been thinking, that very morning, what she could say to one who was asking it; but now the time was come, the words failed her. Putting her arm around Jenny, she could only whisper, —

"Jenny, I will pray for you!"

Jenny raised her drooping head, and murmured her thanks. "I shall come out bright yet, perhaps, Ruth, but I feel as if it must be through much tribulation. I fear I shall

never come to God in the sunshine ; but just as the clouds have gathered, and the storm breaks over my head, I shall cry, ' Lord, save me, or I perish.' I have been trying to find him ever since that little prayer-meeting you asked me to come to. Mr. Stedman says my doctrine about good works is the evil between me and Christ ; but what can I do ? I have been taught all my life to believe that doctrine, and I cannot see the new way clearly. I know there is something wanting in my heart, but I cannot tell what it is."

"It is getting damp here, Jenny ; let us go and sit on the piazza steps ;" and taking her arm in hers, Ruth led her down the hill.

"Jenny, I think I know what is wanting in your heart : it is Christ. Christ in you, the hope of glory."

"It seems as if it must be so, but I cannot grasp it. I believe him to have been a perfect man, and I love him for his goodness and

purity, and I try to follow him, by doing a little good to mankind, and loving nature, and music, and all things he has made.”

Ruth was silent. It was so hard to know what she ought to say, and she was so fearful she would only shadow the light.

“I did not mean to tell any one of the dread of evil which continually haunts me. I think it is because I have already had such heavy trials that it keeps me fearful. But,” she exclaimed, rising from her seat in her enthusiasm, “if the sun would only be sure of coming afterwards, I would not heed the storm;” and then, without adding more, she passed into the house.

Ruth went up into her little chamber, and taking her Bible in her hand, knelt by her bedside.

“Father in heaven, I am insufficient for these things; oh, give me wisdom, that I may know what to answer when my faith is

called in question. And for thy name's sake, may that dear one whom I love so much, be brought to see Jesus Christ as he is."

Ruth was comforted; she rose from her knees, with an inward sense that the Lord had heard her, and would make her strength sufficient unto her day. Then she went down stairs, and taking her harp, began to sing Pleyel's Hymn, "Jesus, lover of my soul."

Jane was with Helen, getting her ready for the night. Helen caught the distant strains of music, and begged her to open the door. Jane did as she asked her, and then sat down beside her to listen. The music floated up from below, and Ruth's voice was so clear, that not a word was lost. She had just come from Jesus' feet, and sang as if every word was from her inmost heart. Helen listened with her eyes closed, but as the last notes died away on the air, she opened her eyes and whispered, "It was so like the angels;

now I can sleep. It has taken away the pain."

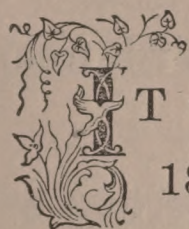
Jenny went to the window, but a gust of night wind came in and made her shiver, and she drew back and silently finished her task, and left Helen sleeping.

CHAPTER XVI.

HOME FROM THE WAR.

“Mourn, mourn, oh, autumn winds,
Lament and mourn !
How many half-blown buds must close and die ?
Hopes with the summer born,
All faded lie,
And leave us desolate, and earth forlorn.

— *Miss Proctor.*



T was the first part of the winter of 1861. The leaves had fallen in their radiant beauty, and lay brown and dead on the dry grass. A few beech leaves flecked the distant pines like sunlight, but all else seemed dead or dying. The clouds were gray, and the wind seemed talking to the trees of the coming winter, for they trembled and shook in every limb.

Little Ruth was coming home alone from the “Soldiers’ Aid Society.” Her arms were aching, and her head was full of weary, dreary thoughts.

"It seems to me the world is full of sorrow; the Northern men are falling like these leaves, and the people crush them as heedlessly," she soliloquized. "I am so tired waiting. It seems as if the war never would come to an end. A battle only makes each side more determined than ever. Ah, well," she murmured aloud, "he is in God's hands, and without his notice a hair cannot fall from his head."

A rustle among the leaves, a parting of the branches, and a strong arm is thrown about her, and Willie's cheek touches hers.

"It is true, Ruth; I was in God's hands, and He has brought me back to you."

The sudden thrill of joy was almost more than she could bear, and the tears fell from her eyes like rain.

Her brother was at first alarmed, and feared she would suffer from his hastiness; but she soon regained her self-possession,

and they walked along together towards their home.

"What does it all mean?" she asked; "have you a furlough? How did you get it? Did you come in this last train?"

"Yes; it means I have a furlough, and I have just come, my sister. Was that all?"

"Ah, Willie, I am afraid you have not told me all. Why do you keep that hand behind you? Is that all right?"

"It is only a little scratch," he replied, removing his hand, and showing her the bandage.

"Willie, you're wounded. Why didn't you send us word before; and what do you mean by 'only a scratch'?" and as Ruth spoke, her face flushed, and her blue eyes looked up imploringly in her brother's face.

"Well, Ruthie, I will tell you just how it was. I was sitting in a tent doing some

writing, when there came a sudden whiz in the air, and a shell exploded close by us. Part of it entered the tent, and one little piece came and wrote me a furlough. All the harm it does, is to deprive Uncle Sam of my services for a little while."

Ruth drew a long sigh of relief as her brother took this cheery view of the subject.

"Will, I am so glad to see you back, but so sorry such a reason had to bring you, that I do not know whether to be most sorry or glad. But here comes Jenny."

"Miss Mortimer, shall I have the pleasure of introducing you to Captain Campbell?"

"Why, William Campbell!" exclaimed Jenny, as she hastened to meet him, "when did you come?"

"He came in the last train, Jenny; he is a wounded soldier, and we must take him in and give him oil and wine," said Ruth, earnestly, and told his story. Her brother

looked down admiringly at her, while she spoke of him with such enthusiasm. As they entered the house, Mrs. Mortimer came to greet him and welcome him home.

Bridget opened the kitchen door — “Sakes alive, if it ain’t Mister William!” — but she paused with a little awe at the tall, dignified form of the officer in his uniform, but only a minute, for as soon as her young master caught sight of her he gave her a hearty greeting.

“Who’d a-thought it; and if his hand hain’t been wounded. Oh, that Bridget should live to see the day. And shure and how was Mr. McClelling a-willin’ you should leave his regiment?”

“I’ll tell you all about it by and by,” replied the young soldier; “but my journey has tired me so much, I really must rest.”

“How careless I am,” exclaimed Ruth, as she glanced at her brother’s pale face. “Come

right up into my room, where there is a fire ; you shall be ready in a very little while."

The soldier was cared for, and closed his eyes wearily as he lay on the lounge in Ruth's room ; and Bridget, in the kitchen, was hastily preparing "the supper which Mr. William always liked best ;" and every little while she would stop and say, "I never ! wounded, and home again ;" and then her busy fingers would go faster than ever.

The news spread like wildfire through the town, and the young officer being a general favorite, his name was in everybody's mouth. He was the first officer from the town who had come home wounded, and was, of course, the hero of the day.

When the children went by to school, they looked up at the windows to try and get a glimpse of his face. And the older ones walked slowly by the gate, thinking, perhaps, to have a chance to greet him home.

The girls took their bonnets down to see if they were all right for Sunday ; and the drill club had a special meeting, that they might have a successful parade in honor of the young soldier. The band agreed upon a serenade, and the minister chose for his text, the following Sabbath, "The Lord shall cover his head in the day of battle."

When Captain Campbell had recovered from the fatigue of his journey, he doubly returned the hearty welcome which all the people had in waiting for him.

After church, Sabbath afternoon, the whole family were seated around the open fire ; and Ruth had been singing to them, accompanying the words with the soft strains of her harp, when Mrs. Mortimer said, "William, we have not heard any of those war stories yet ; do you feel too tired to tell us one of them now ?"

"Oh, no," he replied ; "I was just thinking

of one this moment, and about a soldier you know — Herbert Wharton.”

Jenny’s face was flushed a little by the fire ; so Ruth said, and asked her to take a seat by her ; then William began his story : —

“ We had been informed that the enemy were nearing us, and we must withdraw ourselves across the Potomac, with no loss of time, as our force was too small to compete with theirs.

“ Our Colonel, who was at that time commanding the brigade, hurried us across with all possible speed.

“ As we were resting from our tramp, — the Colonel and the officers, and some of the company, — the Colonel had just been telling a joke about a down-east friend of his, when suddenly his countenance changed, he whispered an inquiry to an officer who came up, and exclaimed, in an agonized tone, ‘ Good heavens ! what have we done ! Our pickets

are up the river on the other side, not called in ! They are a hundred men as brave as our army contains, and if they are not told before the sun rises, they are dead. It is a wild risk ; who is willing to expose his life for his country and his comrades ?’

“There was a pause for a moment, and we were all as still as death. Herbert Wharton sat on an old rock, with his newspaper in his hand, looking calmly on, and without a change of expression passing over his face. No one replied for a moment, when Herbert, putting down his paper, calmly said, ‘I am ready ; I will go.’

“‘You, Herbert !’ exclaimed the Colonel, ‘never ! You are my right hand ;’ and then the others gathered around him, looking at his unmoved face with admiration and awe ; and some of them proposed three cheers.

“Then Herbert turned and spoke : ‘My comrades, this is not a time for cheering ; it

is a time for praying ;' then calling the Colonel aside, he asked for his orders.

"The Colonel gave them, and then asked Herbert for messages to his friends ; and he left them, and also a few little keepsakes, in case he never returned.

"The Colonel gave him a horse and persisted in sending his servant on another horse with him.

" ' Good-bye, Herbert,' said the Colonel, as he clasped his hand, and his voice trembled ; ' I, for one, shall not forget the praying — keep a good look out for our flag on the hill here, and you will not lose your way. Don't spare your horse ; remember you are riding for your life.'

"The sun was just setting, and we watched the two riders until they had descended the hill and crossed the river. Then we saw, through the spy-glass, the servant coming back with his horse, and Herbert advancing

alone. We watched him until he became a speck in the distance, and then went slowly back to our tents to wait anxiously for his return.

"He had bidden good-bye to none of us, save the Colonel. His mind seemed to be entirely absorbed in his deathly errand, and we did not dare to accost him as he passed us.

"We could have rent the air with cheers, with a hearty good will, too, but the time was unfit.

"We felt as a man, who, after long watching on shore, sees the wished for ship, and just as she seems coming into port, in spite of the waves and the storm, one great angry wave swells up from the depths, and with a sudden plunge, she is crushed against the rocks. We none of us dared to hope to see him again.

"The Colonel sat up all that long dreary

night, and he did not return. It was a night to make the young man old, to blanch his hair and wear deep lines into his face.

"I was watching, too, when suddenly a loud hurrah burst from the signal post, and in a moment every soldier was on the ground, and the cry, 'They are coming! they are coming!' burst from a thousand lips.

"And there in truth they were. Herbert in front, and the hundred brave boys behind him.

"They were soon across the river, and such a welcome as we gave them I never saw or heard before. The sudden transition from sorrow to joy almost unmanned the Colonel, and for a while he seemed like a little child; he wept and laughed by turns, and his eyes followed Herbert wherever he went.

"But there was something to do besides talking; and with a hearty good will we set to work to get their breakfast, and get

their clothes dried, and fires made. Many a box from home was emptied, that the boys might have a treat; and even the Colonel himself went into the cook-room to give especial orders about the coffee.

“Colonel —— says Wharton found an officer by going across the river whom he did not expect to find; that is Lieutenant Wharton, undoubtedly.”

The fire had burned down unheeded, as William told his story. Jenny’s face was pale as death, and Ruth’s cheeks were wet with tears, as he finished. Mrs. Mortimer murmured, “glorious!” and her face glowed with excitement and admiration.

It was quite late then, and the soldier boy was weary, and with the glow of the story warming their hearts, they put out the lights and retired for the night.

CHAPTER XVII.

ANOTHER JEWEL FOR HIS CROWN.

“What I don’t see,
Don’t trouble me;
And what I see,
Might trouble me,
Did I not know
It must be so.” — *Goethe.*



WILLIE’S hand has healed, and he has gone back to the army. He does not seem so far away now; he has been home once, and he has been in battle, and come out not hurt; so I feel safer about him for the future. God has taken my father and my mother, and I am all alone in the world with Willie. Somehow I do not believe He will take him too. He is a merciful father, and remembers the weaknesses of his children — that we are but dust.”

“If Willie should die, I feel that the Lord

would give me strength sufficient unto my day, but I know he will not willingly afflict me; and in sorrow or joy, God giving me grace, I will try to be his faithful child.

“ ‘Er ist in Gottes hut,
Er liebt ein treu soldaten blut.’ ”

“Helen Eaton is fast fading away. These chilly winds are too much for her weak lungs; and I fear another angel is entering the open gate of heaven. Helen says that thought of the gate open day and night is such a cheering one to her. No matter whether death comes at noon or at midnight, the gates of it shall not be shut at all by day, ‘and there shall be no night there.’

“Sometimes I almost wish I was in her place, but I should not long for the crown when I have not been in battle.

“There is a work for me to do in this world. Jenny has not taken Jesus Christ

as the way, the truth, and the life; I must live and pray for her. Her good deeds and gentle words are like the perfume of the first flowers of spring, but it would take away all their charms if they said, 'You have got to take me because of my perfume.' I know my own heart is full of evil, and that my life is not half so much like a Christian's as Jenny's. I am sure when she does give up her *self-trust*, and take Jesus of Nazareth as her hope of glory, her light will shine far above mine. It is for that I must live and pray.

"Then, there is my Sabbath-school class, my laughing Rose, and my golden-haired Kitty, and the other little hearts; I must lead them to the loving Saviour, too. It is so sweet to tell them of Jesus, and how he would not let his disciples send the children away, but reached forth his hands to them, and said: 'Suffer the little children to come

unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.' There is one little one, of only six years, with a sad, pale face, and the blue veins showing painfully in her white temples. I fear she is marked for a child-angel, and I must teach her the sweet hosanna.

"Then, there are Christ's poor ones, of whom the world is full; and, 'Inasmuch as I do it unto one of the least of these, I do it unto him.' How I wish I might realize this." There is another thing I am always forgetting, — that 'they who loved the Lord, spake often one to another.' The sermon of Mr. Stedman, that evening, so long ago, I shall always remember; but somehow, when the time comes to practise it, I forget. I fear I shall never be counted among 'his jewels,' unless I try to be more faithful than I have been.

"When I began to write, I felt I was

ready to die and wished I was dying, instead of Helen. But how could I die, with all this work undone? Faith, without works, is dead. May God deliver me from this dead faith!

"*December 25th.* — Helen was to have been brought down stairs, to-day, to see the Christmas tree, and the Sabbath-school children. We were to have Christmas carols, and a lighted tree, and supper, and games for the children; but Helen has gone to the better country — gone to see the Christ-child, face to face; and instead of the carols, we have a funeral dirge; instead of the Christmas tree, there lies Helen's coffin on the table; and instead of the laughter of the children, all the cheeks are wet with tears. And yet, in sorrow we rejoice; for, 'As in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive.'

"*December 26th.* — The house seems so de-

served. Helen required such constant care, that we miss her all the more. I thought our Christmas Day would be so doleful; but I think I never had a real Christmas in my heart before, as I had yesterday.

"It was so queer. Mr. Stedman spoke from the very verse I had just written in my diary. He alluded to the day, and the birth of Christ, his death and resurrection, and how, without him, we were sold under sin; but through him, all things were made new. And, as he rose from the dead, so all those that sleep in Jesus, shall rise; and then we shall meet our lost ones! And then he alluded, so gently, to my father and mother, and then to our efforts in smoothing poor Helen's thorny path to heaven. It was all through Jenny that she was brought here. I do not believe he knows it. I shall tell him when I see him again.

"Helen looked so lovely, — like a parian

marble statue ; and her lips were just parted with a half smile, and her golden hair seemed like the reflection of the golden crown her spirit wears in heaven.

“Love, rest, and home ! Farewell, sorrow, pain, and anxious care !”

CHAPTER XVIII.

A DULL JEWEL.

“Lo! the height that I had taken,
As so shining from below,
Was a desolate, forsaken
Region of perpetual snow.” — *Miss Proctor.*



H! how the wind howls, and how inky black it looks,” murmured Miss Hawkins, as she drew aside the curtain to get a peep at the night.

Her hearth was swept, and the air-tight stove filled the room with heat, though not with cheerfulness. The small shadeless lamp stood on the pine table, and a gaunt old cat sat on the floor by his mistress’ chair. The floor was uncarpeted, and the walls were painted white. A small looking-glass in a brown frame hung between the two front windows, and on the other side of the wall

hung a picture of the Massacre of the Innocents.

Miss Hawkins left the window, poked the fire, adjusted the damper, and had just opened her Book of Martyrs to read, when a knock came on the door.

"Well, I declare; if that is not always the way." It was not always the way, the old cat would have said if she could have spoken; for Miss Hawkins' visitors were by no means numerous.

The knock was followed by the entrance of Miss Crosby. She had on her fur-lined waterproof, and the hood came close around her face.

Miss Hawkins always knew when she saw this cloak, that some work was going on, and pricked up her ears and cocked her head, for she eagerly sought every work of charity.

"Well, now, Miss Crosby, what is in the wind to-night? Here, come and toast your feet and tell me."

"I think, Miss Hawkins, there is a storm in the wind, and I think," she added, solemnly, "there is death too. Old Mary is very ill, and I was with her all last night and to-day. I would gladly stay longer, but I must carry those blankets to the Browns, and then I shall be too weary."

"Now, Miss Crosby, don't you go to talking about such a thing. You will get clean run out before the week is over. Of course I am ready, and I'll go. But why don't you ask any of those young ones? There's Jane Mortimer and Ruth Campbell, and a dozen others, a great deal better able to go than you or I, and they get more thanks for what they do, too. They just curl their hair and go out for a walk to show their pretty faces, and on their way back they stop a half an hour to read to her, out of some novel, I believe, of some heathen foreigners, and then she is very grateful and says they are angels,

and really seems to think they are. Then I leave my warm house here, and go out in the cold night, and sit up with her, and give her good advice, which my experience warrants my ability to do, and she does not care any more for me than for her milkman."

Miss Crosby looked a little wonderingly at Miss Hawkins as she spoke, and then said, playfully, —

"Oh, well, when they are as old as you and I, perhaps they will be equally good. But good-evening; I am sure Mary must appreciate your sacrifice to-night."

Miss Crosby passed out, but as she opened the door, a fierce wind rushed in and made Miss Hawkins shiver.

"It is a good night to go," she muttered, as she shut the door. "There's no merit in going out in a moonlight summer evening; but such a night as this — well, old cat, I'll tell you one thing, there are not many people who would do it."

So with a little grim look of satisfaction, she put her martyr-book on the shelf; then she shut up her stove, put on her hood and shawl, blew out the lamp, and passed out into the raw wind and piercing cold.

Old Mary was sleeping quietly as Miss Hawkins opened the door. She closed it gently behind her, and took off her hood, muttering, "All bosh! what did they send for me for? I haven't slept like that for nights and nights."

She still kept her shawl on, for the room was cold. As she was putting wood in the stove, one stick fell down, and, to Miss Hawkins' extreme disgust, the noise awoke the invalid. She moaned uneasily, and said, "Jenny Mortimer."

"Well, I guess not, quite," said Miss Hawkins, going up to her.

Old Mary looked up, and recognized her, and murmured, "kind."

This softened Miss Hawkins' heart a little, and she smoothed her pillow, and then commenced to warm old Mary's drink. When it was warmed, she had gone to sleep again, and this vexed Miss Hawkins; and then the wind blew down the chimney, and sent the smoke out, and this vexed her, too; and as she by no means possessed a quieting disposition, her feelings soon reached their most irritable point.

The storm had commenced, and the snow beat wildly against the window panes, and was fast blocking up the door. Miss Hawkins sat down by the window and looked out.

"Well, I do not see but what I am in for it, for a day or two. I hope somebody'll give the old cat something to eat. I suppose she'll miss me, if nobody else does. She called 'Jenny Mortimer;' humph! I'd like to see her here, making the fire burn, and smoking her pretty eyes! Not she! No

doubt she's close wrapped up in her eider down, taking her beauty sleep; and yet she gets all the love. Who would have heard her calling my name, as the first waking thought. Well, that's the way with people who do the most; they get the least thanks."

With this summing up of the whole matter, Miss Hawkins went to the bedside, and watched Mary's breathing. In a moment she awoke, and meeting the great gray eyes fixed on her, gave a start, and a little nervous cry.

"What's the matter?" said Miss Hawkins, "did I frighten you? I know my face isn't so sweet as some; but then again, it's better'n some."

"Oh! not that," said the old woman, laying her thin hand gently on hers; "it only startled me a little, that is all."

"How do you feel, now?" added Miss Hawkins; "and how is your shoulder? Do

you want some more clothes on, or do you want something to drink, or will you wait?"

So many questions confused the sick brain, and she murmured, "clothes," instead of drink, as she intended. And it so happened that she had over her all there was to be had; and so Miss Hawkins, with a martyr-like face, took off her shawl, and wrapped it over old Mary.

"It isn't any matter," she said; "I'm not cold; haven't had but two very bad colds all winter; tain't as if I was a soldier, and had to sleep out o' doors, not quite; sorry I couldn't make your fire burn better."

The careless allusion to the soldier roused old Mary from her lethargy, and her eyes brightened, and her voice sounded clearly,—

"Poor, poor boy! God help him! He'll never see his mother no more. Tell him how much she longed arter him, and how his letters was better 'n medicine."

The effort was too much for old Mary, and she fainted. Then, when it was too late, Miss Hawkins repented of her selfish carelessness, and did all she could to revive her patient. She finally succeeded in a measure, for old Mary opened her eyes, and said, "I see him; he's dying of thirst! Oh! why can't somebody give him some water?" Miss Hawkins took the cup by her side, and held it to Mary's lips, and said, in a soft voice, —

"I have all I want, mother; take some for yourself."

The old woman drank it eagerly, then fell back on her pillow asleep.

The wind had changed, and the opening of the window had cleared out the smoke, and the fire was burning briskly; so Miss Hawkins sat down with a sigh of relief. She sat there for a long time, when she thought she heard Mary speak, and went to her, but she seemed sleeping. In a

moment her lips moved again, and Miss H. bent to catch the sound. "They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more;" but she did not awake.

The morning came. The windows were covered with snow, and the storm was still beating against them. The great trees rocked in the wind, and brushed their great branches over the cottage roof.

Mary seemed still sleeping. Miss Hawkins rubbed her eyes, looked at her watch and the light, and found to her surprise that she had been sleeping too. She rose quickly and went to the bedside.

"Can it be she has slept so long?" Then a shudder passed over her, and she bent her ear to listen. There was no sound of breathing. She lifted the hand, it fell powerless.

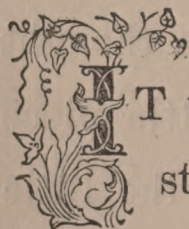
Miss Hawkins grew sober as she looked at her face. She feared she had passed away as she was sleeping. She must have

been sicker than she thought she was. Then she took up the Bible that lay by Mary, and, going away from the bedside, sat down and began to read. She only read a chapter this morning. She always had read four, for years; but this morning she thought she would wait and read the rest at night. There seemed to be enough thought in one, this morning. She ate a little piece of bread she cut off from a loaf in the little closet, and then looked out of the window at the snow.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE ACCIDENT.

“He prayeth best who loveth best,
All things, both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.”



It was such a dreary watching. The storm still beat on, and no signs of life were visible within or without.

Just at nine there came a little pause in the storm, and a shadow passed by the window. Miss Hawkins started. She had just begun to give herself up as a martyr. The door opened gently, and Jenny Mortimer's bright face peeped in. She stepped softly at first, saying, "she is asleep;" then went towards the bed, and, dropping on her knees, hid her face in the coverlet and wept.

Miss Hawkins looked at her wonderingly. "Did she really love her? I have not shed a tear. It must have been that."

Ah, Miss Hawkins, you have found the secret. Would that it might be buried in your soul, and spring up and bring forth loving words and gentle deeds; but it must wait. It is there — the time will come. You are well paid for your weary hours of watching, although you know it not.

Jane rose from her knees and looked more attentively at the still face; then she lifted the quilt and laid her hand gently on the old woman's heart. Her face suddenly changed, and, going up to Miss Hawkins, she whispered, "Her heart beats, I am sure; I am going for the doctor."

Before Miss Hawkins could speak, she was out of the house, and she did not hear when she was called to come back.

Miss Hawkins shut the door, and murmur-

ing, "strange, strange child!" went back to her seat in the window.

In about half an hour sleigh-bells were heard, and Jenny alighted with the doctor. He tied his horse, shook the snow off, and entered the low door. Then he went up to the old woman's bedside, felt of her pulse, and laid his hand on her heart. Jenny looked anxiously in his face all the time. He turned and looked at her and smiled. "She is living," he murmured, "and we will restore her. She has fallen into a stupor which is very unusual, but not wholly unknown." Then the doctor labored over her for about two hours, Jenny flitting here and there, doing his commissions.

Miss Hawkins still kept her seat, looking on with a kind of grim satisfaction, which seemed to say: "Well, I've been watching all night, you might as well take your turn."

"Have you any hartshorn?" said the doctor, looking round at her.

"No," she replied shortly; "never use it; don't think it is a proper thing."

"What is it, Doctor?" said Jenny, eagerly. "I'll take the horse and go for it."

The doctor looked down at her eloquent face with admiration, and said: "Do you think you could take my horse and sleigh and go and ask my wife for the ammonia which is on the third shelf in my closet? I cannot possibly leave now; I fear I must have it."

"I will try, Doctor," said Jenny; and in a few minutes her will was making way for her through the snow. She held the reins tightly, and the gay little horse, as if in sympathy with the spirit of its mistress, flew like a bird over the snow.

Just as she was coming in sight of the doctor's house, she found she must pass some boys who were snow-balling from one side of the street to the other. She called out to them to stop a minute, but it was too late.

The wind carried off her words in the other direction, and just as she thought she was safe, a hard snowball came whizzing through the air and hit the horse's eye. Excited and maddened, he sprang forward, and Jenny strove in vain to hold him in.

On — on — on — past the doctor's house, past the next, the next, down the hill, over the bridge, until even Jenny's cool head began to grow dizzy, and her hand slackened its hold of the reins.

Now they are coming to the railroad crossing. There is a whistle. Oh, horror of horrors! there is the engine, and it is too late! A rush, a whiz, a jar, and the cars have passed. The horse is safe on the other side of the track, and has strangely stopped. Where is Jane? With a wild cry to heaven, and one bound, she had sprung from the sleigh, and she is lying in the snow on this side of the track.

Take her up gently, Matthew King, and carry her into the station, for she is a precious burden; and Charlie Edson, take the horse — you know whose it is — he is quiet enough now, and go for the doctor.

As the people gathered round her, and they were carrying her insensible into the station, she opened her eyes and said, "Where am I?" They told her, and she said, "Oh, don't take me there; she will die, if she does not have it." Then she sighed and closed her eyes heavily.

They took her in and laid her on a sofa, unloosened her bonnet, and bathed her head with camphor. She recovered rapidly, and eagerly asked what had happened to the horse, and if any one else had gone to the doctor's. When told that it was all right, she drew a long breath of relief and asked how soon they would be back, that she might go.

Just at this moment the door opened, and

the anxious face of the doctor appeared. Jenny looked up eagerly. "Oh, doctor, is she better? Has she got it? I am so sorry it happened so."

The doctor smiled and went up to her. "Heaven be praised," he murmured, "it was so near. Why my child, you look as if nothing had happened. Are you hurt anywhere?"

"How is she, doctor?" repeated Jenny, disregarding his question.

"Who? Oh, Mrs. Shaw! She is all right; she has opened her eyes and recognized me. What a faithful clerk you would make. But you have not told me whether you are hurt; you are my patient now."

"Oh, I am so glad! She will get well now, and Henry will be so happy to get the news."

"Have you stood up yet, Jenny, and are you ready for me to take you home?"

"Yes, doctor, all right," she replied, and

stood up; but when she tried to walk, her strength failed her, and she caught the doctor's arm, saying, "It did frighten me some, Doctor. I fear I am not quite strong enough to go alone; but if you will help me, I would so much like to get home, away from here;" and as she spoke she shuddered slightly.

"Oh, yes; we will help you, poor little lamb!" said a gentle, sweet voice. Jenny looked up in surprise, and saw Miss Crosby. With a grateful look, she took the proffered help.

"Well," said Matthew King, "if that woman don't beat all I ever see! I believe she's above the rest of us in this world. She's always on hand when anybody's in trouble — wonder how she heard of it."

"Yes," responded the little cake-seller, as she looked out of the window after them, "that's just the sudden way she popped up when Johnny broke his leg last summer."

"He said he hadn't seen her before and there wasn't nobody round, but the first thing he knew, he saw the tree falling right on to him, and then Miss Crosby was carrying him home."

"I shouldn't wonder if she was a mejum," croaked an old man who had not before spoken.

"You just shet up there, Abram," said his wife, giving him a nudge with her elbow. "You're too old to be talking such childish stuff; you that bin bring'd up to foller the Lord and believe in his blessed word, go to talking like them heathen servants of the advasary. Ain't you ashamed of yourself, and you're comin' near being 'pointed deacon, too!"

The old man cowered before his weaker vessel, and she went on: —

"If I ever hear you saying such unscriptural words as them, I'll — I'll read you the

story of Saul, and get some David to come and play on his harp."

"I didn't mean nothin' by it," whimpered the old man. "What was it we was a-talkin' about? Ain't it most time for them cars to come?"

"Don't know what you was a-talkin' about? We were talking about that good woman who was here in the depot just now; how she was allars on hand whenever the Lord's work was to be done; how she didn't keep runnin' on after new doctrines and devices of the evil one, but kept straight ahead, never looking to herself, but allars to the Lord and his work, just as one o' his servants orter."

"Why, so we was," said the old man, and the others smiled. Just then the whistle came, and the conversation was interrupted.

CHAPTER XX.

OLD MARY'S COTTAGE.

"Light above light, and bliss beyond bliss,
Whom words cannot utter : Lo ! who is this ?
As a king, with many crowns, he stands,
And our names are graven upon his hands."

— *Christina Rossetti.*



THE warm sun is shining into old Mary's cottage windows, and she is sitting up in bed, well bolstered with pillows, and looking as happy and tranquil as possible. A little pot, with a monthly rose, in full flower, sits in the window ; and Mary's Bible is open on the table, with a well-worn letter from her soldier-boy lying on it ; Miss Crosby is sitting by the fire, knitting, and the whole room is a picture of perfect comfort and peace.

"What a good girl that Jane is," said Mrs. Shaw. "They say she came to see

me every day I was on my back. I often dreamed about her, and woke up surprised to find she warn't here."

Miss Crosby laid down her knitting, and looked up with a smile, saying, —

"Yes; and she came very near losing her life once when she was laboring for you."

"Losing her life!" exclaimed old Mary, with a look of horror. "How was it?"

"I think," pursued Miss Crosby, "that you are strong enough to hear it now, although we did not think you were before." And then she went on to give the whole account of Jenny's wild ride.

Old Mary's eyes were fixed attentively on her, and at first she often interrupted her with such expressions as "I want to know," "Do tell," etc.; but she soon became too absorbed in the story to speak, and she wiped her eyes vigorously. As Miss Crosby finished, the first question was, —

"The dear little lamb! and how is she now? I wondered she hadn't a bin in ter see me these days, since I got better; she came so often before, I thought there must be something special a-keepin' of her."

"It is a week since then," said Miss Crosby, "and she is almost well. She was not hurt, but very much excited, and the doctor ordered her to be perfectly quiet for a while."

"The dear thing!" exclaimed Mrs. Shaw. "I never felt so happified as when I used to see her come into the room. I do hope it wont hurt her. Now, if there ain't a knock! Shall I trouble ye to open the door?"

Miss Crosby opened it, and a gentleman followed her into the invalid's room.

"Why, Mr. Stedman, I wanter know if you hev taken all this long walk again so soon, just ter see an ole woman."

Mr. Stedman was beloved by all his

parish, young and old. The children always carried the first wild flowers of spring to him; and the aged and the sick always welcomed him when they would see no one else. The young men of his congregation were always sure of finding in him a friend in need; and he had encouraged many a one, who was ready to perish, to be honest and virtuous. This was his first parish, and he had entered upon his labors with many a misgiving on account of his youth and inexperience; but he had long studied the human heart, and as his own was full of the love of the Saviour, he stood at his right hand that he should not be moved. He would play jackstraws for an hour at a time with poor lame Jessy, and then go home and write a sermon which would thrill all his congregation by its depth and power. He was gentle, yet firm; serious in manner, but with a ready appreciation of true wit,

and possessing withal a quiet humor of his own.

"Yes, Mrs. Shaw, I have taken this long walk on purpose to see you. It has given me great pleasure to hear you are so much better. You must have come very near the pearly gates; but the Good Shepherd has spared your prayers to us a little longer."

"The Lord is merciful and gracious," responded old Mary. "I was willing to go with him through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, but it did seem so hard to die without getting a last look at my poor soldier-boy. It would a been so hard for him to come back and find the old cottage empty; and, then, how could I leave him and he not one of the Lord's own children!"

"How can that be?" said Mr. Stedman; "if you have prayed for him day and night all these years, and have had faith that God would hear your prayers, would you be sur-

prised to get a letter from him now any time, saying that he was seeking the Lord?"

Old Mary's face brightened. "Surprised! Why, Mr. Stedman, my only surprise is that it has not come before; and every letter I get, I expect to find it, and am disappointed that I have not heard it yet; for has not the good Lord promised, 'Whatsoever we ask, believing, we shall receive?' and it would not be believing if I did not expect it."

Mr. Stedman put his hand in his pocket, and, taking out a letter, said, "I have just received this from your boy by the last mail, and came to read it to you. Will you hear it now?"

"Oh, yes, sir! And why should he write to you? Indeed I feel almost as if the glad time had come!"

Mr. Stedman opened the letter and read in a clear, low voice as follows:—

“‘My dear Pastor: I promised to write to you when I was to home, and now I feel as if I must tell you about what times we are having down here in the army. We have prayer-meetings every night, and some of the soldiers as was very wicked and reckless, has come right out to be Christians. I went to one last night, and our captain, he’s a real Christian man, he came right in with us, and he talked with us about our mothers at home, and how they was a-prayin’ and a-prayin’ for us, and how the Saviour had been a waitin’ for years for us, and we hedn’t come.

“‘Well, you see, almost before I knowed it the tears was a runnin’ down my cheeks. Then I see the feller next me a nudgin’ the next one, and lookin’ at me, and I begun to feel a little vexed; but then the captain went on to tell about the Lord, and the nails bein’ driven into his flesh, and that made me think

o' when I was wounded; and as I thought how it was all for me, I forgot there were anybody else in the room; and when the captain stopped, I fell right down on my knees and prayed and prayed, until it seemed as if the Lord's heart was getting tender toward me, and as if I could see him smilin' down on me from the cross, and then I got up.

“Then I remembered where I was, and I see some of the soldiers was a-cryin', and them as wasn't looked as if they was a-goin' to. Then I remembered how I hed been prayin' before 'em, an ignorant fellow who never had took any part before; but it seemed like I did not mind 'em. I felt just like singin'; and when the others commenced 'All hail the power of Jesus' name!' I joined with 'em heart and voice as I never had before.

“Now, Mr. Stedman, I wouldn't hev

bothered you with all this, but I knew you used to take an interest in me, and as mother was sick, you could tell her better nor I could. I was afraid as how I might excite her too much.

“‘Do tell all my friends I hev come out on the Lord’s side, and am going to try to be his soldier; and that the greatest wish of my heart is, that they should enlist under him too.

“‘I suppose you know Mr. William Campbell is the captain I meant spoke to the meeting.

“‘Give my love to my mother, and tell her God has heard her prayer.

“‘Your friend,

“‘JERRY SHAW.’”

As Mr. Stedman laid down the letter, he looked at old Mary to see the effect of the news. Her face was covered with her hands,

and the tears were trickling down between her fingers, while her lips moved silently as if in prayer. He went to the window and stood there examining the roses, that he might leave her to herself awhile. In a moment she looked up and called him, and he went back to her again.

"Mr. Stedman, I thought my old heart was prepared for this ; but it is almost more joy than I can bear. Will you not thank the Lord for me?"

The young pastor knelt by the old woman's bedside and prayed earnestly, giving praise to the Lord, that he had heard the mother's prayers, and saved her life to hear of her son's salvation. Then he prayed that he might be preserved from pestilence and death, and be brought back in health to unite his voice with hers in praising him who had redeemed them. And that at last they might together serve him in his kingdom above,

where there should be no more war, no more sin, nor death.

As he was praying, the door opened and Ruth Campbell entered the room. She stood still timidly until he had finished. Old Mrs. Shaw opened her eyes, and seeing her there, said, "Ah, Ruth, is that you? My eyes are so dim I cannot just see."

Ruth's blushes were almost as deep as the roses she held in her hand, as she said, "Yes, Mrs. Shaw, and do forgive me for interrupting you. It was very careless in me not to knock."

"Knock, child! why should you knock? Don't I always tell you to come right in? Come here and see this letter."

Miss Crosby gave Ruth a kind greeting, and Mr. Stedman rose and offered her his seat.

"No, I thank you, Mr. Stedman, I can only stop a minute; I am on my way to take my music-lesson. I came, Mrs. Shaw, to

bring you these roses from Jenny, with her love, and to tell you she is coming to see you as soon as she can."

As Ruth spoke, she took up the letter and gave the roses to the invalid.

Mr. Stedman had gone over to talk to Miss Crosby, and old Mary watched Ruth's face, as she became absorbed in the letter.

As she finished it, she laid it again in her hand. "Oh, Mrs. Shaw, I am so glad to hear this; and it was Willie who took charge of the meeting. How strange it all seems!"

"Yes; I can never be thankful enough to him for what he said, and for the good he is always a-trying to do my Jerry. May the Lord write his name in the book of his remembrance."

"I should like to stay longer, Mrs. Shaw, but I must be at Mr. Schumacher's at three."

"I am sorry you must go so soon. Give my love to Miss Jane, and tell her I thank

her very much for the roses, and am longing to see her. Good-bye."

"Good-bye," responded Ruth; and the young lips touched the faded cheek gently, and then, with a passing bow to the other visitors, she left the room.

CHAPTER XXI.

RUTH'S STORY.

"I doubt if she said to you, much that could act
As a thought or suggestion ; she did not attract,
In the sense of the brilliant and wise, I infer ;
'Twas her thinking of others, made you think of her."
— *Mrs. E. B. Browning.*



MISS Ruth, I did not know before that
you were such a rapid walker ! ”

“ Why, Mr. Stedman, excuse me, I did not
know there was any one behind me.”

“ I had just about finished my call at
Mrs. Shaw’s when you came in. I thought
I would wait for you, and my walk would
be less lonely — that is, if you have no
objections to my company.”

“ O, no ! I have no fancy for walking
alone ; although, now Jenny is sick, I am
beginning to get used to it.”

"How is your faith, Miss Ruth? Is it shining brighter and brighter unto the perfect day?"

"I really do not know what to say, Mr. Stedman. Sometimes it seems to me as if I was really treading in the Lord's footsteps; and then again, I am afraid I am not laboring for his kingdom as I ought to be."

"We can of our own selves do nothing. Why, here is a text for us in the grass!" exclaimed Mr. Stedman, as he picked a little blue violet at his feet. "It is very adventurous to come out this cold weather. It has a humble mission, but it fulfils it; it does not try to be a rose, and we do not look for a rose's beauty in it; but it has a superior charm, for it comes to us when there are no roses."

"And we are not obliged to admire it through an iron fence, for it grows at our feet," added Ruth.

"Yes," said Mr. Stedman; "and we do not like the rose any the less because it has not the song of the bird; it has its perfume, and the bird its song. There are diversities of gifts, but the same spirit. How is that little Sabbath-school class of yours?"

"O, I enjoy it so much! I really never knew before how many beautiful stories there were in the Bible; and it is really quite a study to tell them in child-language. Some one told me, the other day, that they could not interest their Sabbath-school children in the Bible, so they told them fairy stories. It happened my next lesson was the story of 'Goliath, the giant;' and I am sure, it is exciting as almost any fairy story I ever read."

"Have you any objections, Miss Ruth, to refresh my memory a little with it, and tell me how you told them?"

Ruth looked up at Mr. Stedman, with the little roguish dimples deepening around her mouth.

"Really, are you in earnest?"

"Why, yes," said Mr. Stedman, laughing; "tell me."

"I told them," said Ruth, "about the boy David, who used to play on a harp, and who used to take care of his father's sheep, while three of his older brothers went to the war. Then I told them how the army of God's children was on one mountain, and the army of their wicked enemies on another mountain, and a valley between; and how the great giant Goliath came out from the wicked army with a great hat of brass on his head, and a great spear in his hand, and cried out for some one to come and fight with him; and when the children of Israel saw him, they were very much frightened, and did not know what to do.

"David's father wanted to send some things to his sons in the army; so he got some one else to take care of his sheep, that David might carry them. He gave him some popped corn and bread for his brothers, and some cheese to carry to their captain. But, Mr. Stedman, is not that enough? We are almost at the house!"

"Oh, no! I want to hear the rest. Imagine I am the children."

Ruth laughed and went on:—

"David ran into the camp, and he was talking to his brothers when the great giant came out again; and David saw him, and saw how afraid the people were of him; and he heard them say whoever would kill him should be made very rich, and marry the king's daughter. And David said, 'And who is this giant, that he should speak so to the army of God's people?' Then they brought David to the great king; and David

told him that he had killed a lion and a bear, and he would do the same thing to the giant if the king would only let him try; for the Lord had taken care of him one time, and he was sure he would another.

"Then I told them how David put the stones in a sling and went out to meet the giant. And when Goliath saw the rosy-cheeked boy, he was very angry, and said he would kill him, and the wild beasts should eat him up. But David said he came in God's name, and the fight would show how his Lord would help him. Then the great giant rushed towards him; but David put his hand in his bag and took out a stone, and shot it through his sling, and the giant fell. Then David went and stood on him, and took his spear and cut off his head, and carried it to the king; and all the people shouted, they were so glad! And the king gave him his daughter for his wife, as he

had promised he would give her to whoever killed the great giant. I believe that is all I told them ; but it seems almost tame now ; when all their bright eyes were looking up into my face, I could tell it differently."

"I don't know how you could tell it much better," said Mr. Stedman ; "and I am very much obliged to you. I hope you will pardon me for asking you ; but I think I never realized before what a good story it was. The clock is striking three, and here we are at the house. Good-bye, Miss Ruth ;" and Mr. Stedman bowed and passed down the street, and she went into the house, and was soon deep in the mysteries of demi-semiquavers.

I wonder what the young pastor's mind was upon? Ah, well, —

"For us all some sweet hope lies,
Deeply buried from human eyes ;
And in the hereafter angels may
Roll the stone from its grave away."


CHAPTER XXII.

NEWPORT.

“The broken wing of the sparrow he binds in mid-air ;
I am not now what I shall be in heaven, — then, soul, no more
despair !

Remember the lowly Jesus, and wipe his feet with thy hair ! ”

— *Rose Terry.*

 HE winter snows melted, the river swelled, the grass sprung up, and the buds blossomed ; then came the full corn in the ear, and the fruit-laden trees ; but still the war raged on through seed-time and harvest. Many a noble brow lay covered with Southern earth, and the traitor grasses grew over many a nameless grave.

William Campbell kept at his post through all the summer heat, always ready to give his hearty words of encouragement to all the down-hearted, and never asking any of his men to go where he would not go him-

self, — acting at the same time the part of chaplain, friend, and captain.

His sister Ruth wrote him long letters from the seaside, which he said came in on him like sea-breezes, and almost made him homesick.

Jane and Ruth were spending a few weeks at Newport. Every day they had wild frolics in the surf, and moonlight evenings they had exhilarating horseback rides on the hard beach. Then sometimes in the long summer afternoons they would take their work and sit out on the rocks till sunset, watching the great waves as they broke on the shore, and listening to their solemn music.

They did not envy the gaily dressed girls who were driving down the avenue wrapped in laces and shining with diamonds; or the heated dancers in the crowded drawing-rooms at the Ocean House. They loved their own quiet enjoyments, and with that great sound-

ing sea they never felt alone. They joined picnic parties, and bathing parties, often, and felt no lack of amusement, and no unpleasant restraint in the matronage of Mrs. Mortimer.

They were not idle, even at the seashore, for Jenny's sketch-book was rapidly getting filled, and some of Ruth's soldiers' socks looked nearly ugly and large enough to be finished. Then there was the blind fisherman to read the Bible to, and the poor widow whose only son had sailed over the waves, and never come back to her. There is nowhere lack of work for willing hearts and ready hands.

What are you doing, reader? Have you yet asked the Lord, what he will have you to do? If there seems to be no work for you in the vineyard, then it is time for you to seek it. You are looking at the garden of some one else, perhaps, where the vines are not pruned or the weeds cleared away, and

have forgotten the condition of your own. Beware lest while you are the keeper of other vineyards, you may have to report to the judge at the last great day, "mine own vineyard have I not kept."

'Twas a sultry morning in the early part of September; Ruth and Jane were preparing to go down to the beach with a party of friends, for an ocean bath, when the advent of the postboy occasioned a great commotion.

"Here's a letter in a big yaller envelope for somebody," cried out the postboy. They gathered round the boy to see, when Arthur Heaton cried, "Why, Miss Jenny, I do believe it is for you!" and added laughingly, as he handed her the letter, "are you sure this correspondence is within your mother's knowledge?"

"Why, here's one for me," exclaimed Ruth, "and it is from Will; I am so glad!"

"Here comes the omnibus; who is ready?"

called out Mr. Heaton. "Are you going, Miss Campbell?"

"Well, no; I think I will not now; I will go next time."

"I wish that old postboy had kept away, until we got back," he exclaimed; "we shall not have any fun now."

"Much obliged to you," said Ruth, laughing, as she ran up-stairs.

She found Jenny putting on her bonnet. "Jenny, tell me who is that letter from; if you do not think it rude in me to ask."

"It was from Jack Rooney, and you may read it if you like; good-bye, I must not keep the others waiting," and Jenny ran down-stairs.

Ruth locked the door, and sat down by the window with the letters in her hand. She hesitated as she took up her brother's, and murmured to herself, "These war-letters are so dreadful, I never know what to ex-

pect. I could not have gone with the girls this morning, not knowing what was in it; I hope they did not think me unkind. Poor, dear Will! I wish he could be here to go.

“AUG. 31, 1862.

“MY RUTHIE DEAR, — The battle is over, and out of our brigade of 1500, only 600 responded to the roll-call yesterday morning. They are not all killed and wounded, for some were stragglers, and some were taken prisoners; and thank the Lord for us both, my little sister, that he has spared my life! They call this Pope’s famous retreat; it is curious how much talk is made about a splendid retreat when an army suffers defeat!

“We had a terrible battle. The enemy fought from behind stone walls and trees, while we had to fight in the open field, and take the whole force of their fire. At one time I thought we were to be successful.

We drove back the enemy's left, and should have come in for a glorious victory; but alas! it was the old story. Our reinforcements did not come; but fresh troops poured in upon the rebel side, and attacked our worn-out men; so we were obliged to retreat, or have our whole army cut to pieces, without any gain to our cause.

"One of our regiments were firing into the woods, upon the supposed rebels concealed there, when the attacked called out, 'Don't shoot here! you are firing on your friends!' and then, all of a sudden, came a terrific fire from them. If they were our friends, deliver us from our enemies! Saturday, we heard the rebels were retreating, but soon found, to our dismay, that it was ourselves who were on the retreat. The fault is not with the men, but with the leaders; I am right tired of a war carried on in such a way. My only hope is in

God; and I try to feel that he knows our sorrows, and cast my burden on him.

"One of my greatest comforts is, that there is a little sister praying for me at home. Poor Jack Rooney is taken prisoner! He had his arm shot off, and fell into the enemy's hands. I hear rumors of great cruelty to prisoners, but I trust they are unfounded. He was a brave boy, and his comrades all speak well of him.

"I have not told you about Herbert Wharton. He has come out on the Lord's side, and his light shines far and wide among the soldiers. They all loved and honored him before, but now I think many of them would gladly die for him. After the defeat, when we were all tired out, and could hardly urge our tired horses and weary feet along, he commenced singing the hymn, "All hail the power of Jesus' name!" You know what a rich, powerful voice he has; and

then some others joined in, until finally nearly the whole brigade. It was wonderful to see the effect. It carried them back to their homes and Sabbath-schools, and, for a moment, they forgot their weariness, and sang with a will. I have never had that old tune thrill me through so before; it was better than any war-song I ever heard, for cheering the soldiers' spirits. Some going by on an ambulance turned their heads to listen. Sing it to your harp at home, Ruth, and think of us soldier-boys as you sing. Remember me to all our friends, and tell Jenny I am very much interested in hearing about her sick people. Kiss Johnny for me, and tell him it is not so much fun to be a soldier as he seems to think.

"Your affectionate brother,

"WILLIAM CAMPBELL."

Ruth laid down her brother's letter, and sadly took up the other:—

"DEAR MISS MORTIMER, — I hadn't no one else to write to, and I wanted some one to write to so much, I thort as you used to talk to me kindly sometimes, I would write to you. I am not used to writing; so I beg you to overlook all the forlts of my letter, as you have done those of the writer sometimes. I felt so solemn when I went away, not to see you; but Miss Ruth was verry kind, and she give me the Testament. I thort I shood like to look at the outside of it, but nevver care to reed it; but one Sunday I was feelin' sort of homesick like, and I thort I wood look inside of it; and, oh! Miss Mortimer, I can't tell you the half of the good it has done me. Since that I haint left off a reedin' of it for a single day. Ther was so much in it, I herd you and Miss Ruth tawk about to home. I nevver mean to say no more prares to the saints, but to the blessed Lord himself.

"We are a-comin' near the old Bull-Run battle-feeld, and some of the boys say we may get into anuther battle here. If I get killed, Miss Jenny, please let a little thort fly to my soldier's grave; and if I am woounded, let a little prare go up to the bloo skys for me. I did not think to write so much. With respekt,

"Yor obedient servant,

"JOHN ROONEY."

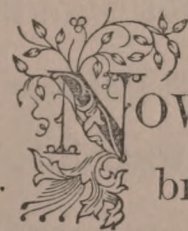
"Poor boy," said Ruth aloud; "may the Heavenly Father keep him. Why, it is time for the bathers to be back. I must be ready to give them a welcome. So she laid down her letters, and arranged her disordered dress; then went out on the piazza to knit on her soldiers' socks, and watch for their return.

CHAPTER XXIII.

MUSIC I' THE AIR.

"The devil always flies from music, especially sacred music, because he is a despairing spirit, and cannot bear joy and gladness."

—*Martin Luther.*



NOW, Ruth, please tell me what your brother said in his letter? I think you are very cruel to keep me waiting till after dinner."

"I am sorry to tell you, Jenny, that a part of the news is not good; poor Jack Rooney is taken prisoner."

"Why, Ruth, how dreadful! Is it really a fact, and can there be no mistake about it?"

"Willie says some one saw him taken prisoner; but you can read the letter, if you like."

Jenny took it, and sat down to read on a

low seat at Ruth's feet. Her face grew more and more sober, and she read more and more intently, until she had finished it; then, without speaking, she went to the window and stood there looking out. Ruth knew Jenny's temperament too well to intrude upon her, so she did not speak, but kept quietly on with her work. But Jenny did not stand meditating long; she took down her palette and put up her easel, and sat down to paint. She did not speak, but mixed the colors in an abstracted way, that showed her mind was far away. Painting was Jenny's favorite resort when weary or suffering under some excitement. "It always rested her mind," she said.

Ruth kept on knitting by the window, quietly humming a low song. There is a great deal in adapting ourselves to other people's moods; and in this Ruth and Jenny fully understood each other. It needs a knowledge of the human heart to do this,

and the best way to learn that is to study ourselves.

Jenny at last broke the silence. "Ruthie, please tell me if this sky looks right. It seems to me that the blue is a little too cold, and needs some warmer color."

Ruth laid down her work, and went behind Jenny's chair to get the effect. "I think it would be rather better, Jenny. I think the sky is purpler than most people realize. The other night, just after the moon rose, long before dark, the sky was a real purple by it, do you not remember?"

"Yes, I do; will you please hand me the vermillion?" Ruth reached her hand up on to the shelf to get it, when down came a glass covered with paints that had been put in water for keeping.

It so happened it fell on Jenny's dress. Jenny laughed as she looked at Ruth's despairing face. "Never mind, Ruthie; I can

get it all out with turpentine. You will have a sweet scent in the room for a while, that's all."

"I believe I never saw anybody like you, Jenny. Here is the turpentine, and here are some clean cloths. If you had dropped my paints, I should ^{have} made a great fuss about it."

Jenny looked up with a gentle, sad smile, and said, "Yes, that would have been so like you, Ruth," and then added, as she rubbed the stain, "I have learned the little good I have, if any, from somebody who has blue eyes and brown hair."

"Do you not remember, Ruth, how very cross you were when I dropped your bird-cage," added Jenny.

"Oh, that was not any thing, I could afford to laugh at that, for it was not at all injured — but your dress — do you really think it will come out?"

"Why, yes," replied Jenny, holding it up to the light; "I can hardly see it."

"I wonder if I shall ever be as brilliant as you are," queried Ruth.

"Well, no, I am afraid not," said Jenny, laughing, "but perhaps you can approximate." Then as she saw Ruth seemed to take her in earnest, she added, "Different gifts, you know, that is all. Do you not remember that time I tried to learn to sing, and how my patient teacher had to give me up finally, in despair? Didn't some one knock?"

Ruth went to the door, and a little voice squeaked out, "Please, miss, my mother has sended you them flowers, thinking as how you might like 'em. She's been a tookeen care on 'em for weeks, and now she says she hopes you'll except 'em with her complemints."

"Why, Willie! did you bring them all this way yourself?"

"Yes, I did, miss, me and another boy."

"I wonder if you like cakes and candy, Willie?"

"I liked 'em the last time I see 'em, miss. I hain't had none this good while."

Ruth went to her drawer a minute, then coming back to the little scarecrow at the door, said, "There, little boy, there are some cakes and some candy for you and the other boy, and here is a little picture-book; can you read?"

"I read some, miss, and some I doesn't. I likes pictures, though, first-rate," he said, as he took the book. Then as he put a piece of candy in his mouth, he said, "I know what I heard somebody down-stairs say about you."

"Oh, never mind that, Willie; you mustn't hear what other people say when they are not speaking to us. I'm very busy just now; you must come and see me again. Tell your mother, the flowers are very sweet, and I

thank her very much and shall come myself to thank her again for them. Good-bye, Willie."

"Good-bye, miss. They said about the same of you as you said about them flowers. Please forgive me, miss, but I couldn't help telling yer, no how. I was afraid you'd think it was somethin' bad, and it might trouble yer."

"You mustn't tell people such things, Willie; it makes them vain, and vain people are cross, sometimes. Good-night."

After tea, Ruth and Jane were sitting out on the piazza as usual, with their friends, and were talking over the events of the day, when some one asked Ruth to sing. They brought out her harp for her, and she was trying a few chords, when Jenny said to her softly, "Ruth, won't you sing 'All hail the power of Jesus' name?' and tell them first about the soldiers singing it?"

This was the first time Jenny had referred to William's letter, and Ruth readily assented.

Her little white fingers wandered over the harp-strings, and her clear sweet voice rose and fell on the air in sweet cadences, while the far-off murmur of the sea added its base accompaniment. Truly it seemed as if all things praised the Lord. "The sea is his," and murmured its song of adoration to its Maker.

Every other verse they sang as a chorus. The older people, who had been in the drawing-room, glided to the doors and windows, to catch the sweet tones, and the servants paused in the hall with their dishes half-wiped in their hands. Even the greyhound laid himself down at Ruth's feet, and looked up in her face as she sang.

It was not the music alone. The words called back to many of them old home-scenes and mothers' gentle faces, and the thought of

the soldier-boys far away, who had sung it, and loved it so much. Then again it was so different from the light meaningless songs which are generally sung at such places, that the charm of its novelty attracted them.

When their voices died away, and the last echo was lost in the sounding sea, they did not urge her to sing again, as they always had done before, but they kept silent, until Mrs. Mortimer said, —

“It is too grand to have any thing after it. I could not enjoy any thing else now.”

“When did you learn that, Miss Campbell?” asked a very fashionably dressed young gentleman, who stood leaning against the pillar by her side. “I never remember to have heard it before.”

Ruth looked up in a little surprise at this question, and then said softly, as she always did when she alluded to either of her

parents, "My father taught it to me many years ago."

"Many years ago," he repeated. "I never remember hearing a young lady use that expression in regard to herself before."

"I fear I do not follow the young lady models in every respect," responded Ruth.

"A model has no need to copy a model," said Mr. Atherton in a low voice.

"Mr. Atherton, I thought you knew personalities were not agreeable to me," answered Ruth, as she started to go into the house.

"I wish I knew what was, though," he replied, as he moved away from the door to let her pass.

Ruth found Jenny in the drawing-room, where she was sitting half shaded by the heavy folds of a curtain, and took a seat by her side.

A few moments after, two loud voiced,

gaudily dressed young ladies entered the room, and went up towards the piano.

"I declare," said one, "if that Ruth Campbell hasn't got entirely round that handsome Atherton, I am mistaken. She wouldn't sing the other night when he wasn't here. She knows how to play her cards well. Say, Samantha, did you ever hear me sing 'I knew a maiden fair to see'?"

"No, I never did. Wont you let me hear it?"

She sat down to the piano, and commenced singing in a loud unmodulated voice, while her friend stood by her to turn over the leaves.

As Ruth heard this unexpected remark, the color mounted to her forehead, and she motioned to Jenny to leave the room with her.

The girls were so absorbed in their singing, that, to Ruth's joy, they left unperceived.

When they were up in their room, Ruth exclaimed, —

“I do not like this house. I hate this fashion and conventionalities. I wonder if we could not get some quieter place?”

“What did those girls mean, Ruthie? I never heard of such a comical idea in my life.”

“I don’t know, I’m sure. I suppose they judge others by themselves.”

“Well, Ruth, I am glad to hear you say something uncharitable. It is the first time I ever did in my life, and almost began to think you would die, you were so good.”

“You remind me,” said Ruth, “of the character in one of Dickens’ works, who had those six ugly children who used to sit all in a row, and have their hair braided down in long queues, and how she burst out crying one day as she looked at them; and when asked the reason of her tears, said, ‘Oh,

they are so beautiful, I am afraid they wont live.' I am sorry, though, that I said that about those girls. I think that youngest one is really very good-natured, and she is so kind to her little crippled brother."

"Ruth," said Jenny, suddenly, "what a pity to have all this come after that hymn; I wanted to go to sleep with the music still in my heart."

"I'll sing you to sleep, Jenny, if you would like to have me."

"O, Ruth, I wish you would!" And when Jenny had laid her head on the pillow, Ruth commenced to sing, beginning with a joyous Christmas carol, gradually softening her tone, and then sang a low, plaintive song; and as she had finished, she looked up at Jenny and saw that she was fast asleep.

CHAPTER XXIV.

WHAT IS WORTH LIVING FOR?

"What, my soul, was thy errand here?
Was it mirth, or ease?
Or heaping up dust from year to year? —
Nay, none of these!" — *Whittier.*



MISS CAMPBELL, I am so thankful
you asked me to go to the prayer-
meeting with you, the other night!"

"Why, Fanny?" said Ruth, as she looked
down into the young girl's face.

"Because — because, I think I love Jesus
better for it."

"Is it really so, Fanny? I am so glad
and thankful to hear you say so; you could
not have told me any thing that would have
given me more joy. How long have you
loved him?"

"After the meeting, Miss Ruth, I could

not throw off the sense of my sins, and they almost overpowered me. I thought of the other girls who were there, who prayed so earnestly, and seemed so happy, while I had to be silent; and then I thought of Jesus and the judgment, and how gladly he would receive them, and then how he would be silent when he looked at me. And oh! Miss Ruth, it was more than my heart could bear; and I went and locked myself up in my little room, determined to seek the Lord; and he heard me, and since then I have been so happy!"

"What was your first feeling, Fanny?"

"My first thought was, I want to tell everybody what a Saviour I have found, that they may seek him too."

"And have you told anybody, Fanny?" asked Ruth.

"Yes; I have told a few, but I cannot make some of them think as I do."

"That is so hard! I have felt that trial sorely myself; but you must pray and wait, plant and water, and then, by and by, God will give you the increase."

"I am so sorry you must go, Miss Campbell," said Fanny Alden; "it makes me so glad to have some one like you to talk to."

Ruth paused a moment, with her hand on the garden gate. "Wont you come in, Fanny?"

"No, I thank you; I cannot possibly to-day. But, Miss Ruth, before you go, wont you promise to pray for me, that I may not look back after putting my hand to the plough?"

"Yes; with all my heart, I will," replied Ruth. "Good-bye, Fanny."

"Good-bye, Miss Ruth," and the fairy little figure tripped down the street.

Newport pleasures were over for the summer, and Ruth and Jane were back in their old home.

Miss McFlimsey had been boarding a month in Newport; she had been to a ball nearly every other night, and had had troops of admirers at her feet. Even a young lord had requested the honor of visiting her at her house in town. She had worn the handsomest diamonds of the season; and her satin train had been the admiration of all the white-muslined maidens. Her servants and equipage were among the finest on the avenue; and she had on the whole a most charming summer, — “Quite worth living for,” to use her own words. So she left Newport with her servants and horses and ten trunks for New York, to be prepared for the coming “season” in the city.

Before she left, the *elite* of the fashionables crowded round her with lavish compliments; the servants bowed respectfully, and stood aside as she passed; and the waiters seemed all legs and arms. When she left, the fash-

ionables said, "Oh, what a relief! we shall have some peace, now that parvenu is gone; and what a vain thing she is." And the servants laughed and chuckled over their gold dollars in the kitchen, and decided that their bows had paid well. The young lord told the story of his new acquaintance at the next club-dinner, and the people laughed, and proposed the parvenu's health. This was the end of the successful summer. This was what Miss McFlimsey thought worth living for.

Before Ruth left Newport, she went to say good-bye to her friends. In an old brown cottage, with a small garden of vegetables in front, lived the poor widow Ruth had searched out. Thither she wended her way the afternoon before she left. She sat down by the old woman and talked to her of Heaven, and read her the description of the heavenly city in the last of Revelation. The woman sat with her knitting on her

lap, and a calm, happy look on her face, as Ruth read; then, when she talked of her lost sailor-boy, Ruth comforted her with the heavenly promises.

When she rose to go, the poor woman followed her to the door, and held her hand for a long time, and looked up tenderly in her face, as she said, "The Lord sent you, dear young lady; it is the Lord who takes you away. I must abide his will." She watched her till she was far out of sight, and then went back with a deep sigh to her little lonely room.

From there Ruth went to the old blind fisherman's hut. He was ill to-day; for his fishing tackle hung twisted by his door. Ruth knocked gently, and, hearing the weak "Come in," entered.

"Ah, I know your step, Miss Cammel! I know the way of the craft although I cannot see the figgerhead."

"And how have you been, Mr. Caxton, since I was here?" asked Ruth.

"Oh, poorly, poorly, miss. I hears the sea rushing, and the waves beating, and I knows they are full of fish; but I have to lie here. I wandered out a week ago, and felt for my tackle, and sat on the rocks; but the wind blew cold and gave me the rheumatism, and I caught no fish, and came home sick."

"I hope it will not be long," replied Ruth; "the weather is getting better, and I think you will soon be out again."

"That is what I tried to think, miss, but my boat is pretty old; it has stood a good many rough seas, but will not bear many more. I'm coming into the haven; I am getting my anchor ready, and I shall soon be home. Yes, truly, it will be fair weather soon. Wont you be so kind as to read me a little, to-day, miss, in the good chart?"

Ruth took the well worn leather-bound

book, and read the story of Christ walking on the water.

"Oh, yes," said the old man, as she closed, "and I can see him; I can't see you, nor nobody else, but I see him a coming over the waves to me. He has said, 'Peace, be still,' and I fear not the storm, for there is a rainbow to-night. When will you come again?" said the old man, as she rose to leave. "I miss you when you are long coming."

"I am going home to-morrow, and I came to bid you good-bye."

"Good-bye! and must another star be put out that was to brighten my way into port? But never mind; old Paul is almost there. You will be there too, sometime; I thank the Lord for bringing you to me." And so Ruth left the fisher-hut, with the old man's benediction on her head.

As Ruth was getting ready to go, the next morning, she heard a little knock at the door,

and opening it, found her washerwoman there with her little boy.

"Miss Campbell, I hope you will forgive me, but my boy said he couldn't let you go off without seeing you, and he sat up till ten o'clock last night, makin' some molasses-candy, he said he was going to bring you," and she handed Ruth a little basket, and lifting the cover of white paper, disclosed the yellow candy.

"Why, Willie!" exclaimed Ruth, "did you make this? It is the best I ever saw."

The boy blushed and said, "Yes, ma'am; but I made it for you and that other young lady."

His mother laughed and said, "Yes, she kinder took notice of him the other day."

Jenny came and looked at the candy, and thanked the boy, and they both bade them good-bye.

"I feels dreadful bad you're going," said

the woman, turning back; "I'll never forget them good words you said to me, Miss Campbell, and I hope if you ever come back, you'll let me do your washing for you, again."

"Oh, yes, I certainly will," said Ruth, smiling, and went back into her room.

"Jenny, it does not seem to me I have done half as much as I might this summer, but it is so good to have the love of these poor people. I think it makes one happier than all the flattery in the world."

Then Ruth and Jenny went down-stairs; the carriage was at the door, and but a few of the people came to bid them good-bye.

Ruth did not mind the slight; she had given "the cup of cold water to Christ's little ones," and verily she had her reward, and that was what she thought was worth living for.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE NEW BIRTH. — ANOTHER JEWEL IS FOUND.

“ God was made flesh, and dwelt with man on earth !
Blood holy, blood divine, for sinners shed !
My asking ends, but does not make my wonder more ;
Saviour of men ! henceforth be thou my theme ;
Redeeming love my study day and night,
Mankind were lost, all lost, and all redeemed.” — *Pollok*.



RUTH, will you please fasten this bracelet? I fear we shall be late. Mollie Kendall is to be married at twelve, and it is nearly half-past eleven now.”

Ruth and Jane were preparing for a wedding of one of their young friends. They were both in white ; Jane had white camellias in her hair, contrasting with the jetty braids, and Ruth was adjusting pink roses among her golden curls.

“ There, that will do, Ruth. What a charming day it is ! it seems to me as if

every breath were joy on such a day. Why, there is a ring at the door! I hope nobody has come to make a call. Where is that pair of white gloves?"

"Why, it is the postboy! Bridget, what is it?"

"It's a telegram, miss; and the boy wanted me to tell you it was bad news before you opened it."

Ruth took the telegram and went back into her room. With a silent prayer she opened the envelope.

"The battle of South Mountain is won! Wharton is killed. I am all right.

"WM. CAMPBELL."

The paper dropped from Ruth's hand, and Jenny stooped and picked it up. She looked at it with a bewildered look a moment; then her face grew as pale as death, and she dropped the paper as if it were a hot coal.

She tried carelessly to unfasten the lacing of her boddice, but she suddenly stopped; her eyebrows contracted, her lips quivered, and she threw herself on the bed in a torrent of weeping.

Ruth looked up in surprise, for she had never seen Jenny show so much emotion before. The truth suddenly flashed on her mind. "How stupid I have been not to have realized this before! Why was I not careful to tell her gently?"

In a few minutes, as the violence of Jenny's grief abated, Ruth went to her and put her arm around her.

"Poor Jenny!" she whispered. "Jesus will help you bear it." And as she spoke, her own voice trembled.

Ruth silently unbound the roses from her hair, and unfastened her bracelets. Jenny looked up as she was doing it, and murmured, in a broken voice, —

"Ruth, don't stay at home for me."

"I don't care to go at all," replied Ruth.

"I could not be happy thinking of you at home all alone."

So the wedding garments were put away, and mourning came, instead of the oil of joy, and ashes for beauty. It was a long, sad, dreary day. Jenny came down to tea, and tried to eat; but the food seemed to choke her, and she finally had to leave the room.

So the days passed; and Jenny's face grew sadder, until, one day, there came a little gleam of sunshine. It was in the shape of a little Testament, bequeathed to her by her soldier friend, accompanied by a kind little note from William Campbell, which contained the particulars of Wharton's death, and the dying request that Jenny would read it for his sake, and try to love the Saviour whom he had loved, and

that they might meet at last together at his feet, to praise their Redeemer's name forever.

Jenny took the little Testament to her heart, and determined to study it faithfully, and try to love it for the Lord's sake. One evening, she sat up reading it later than usual; she had begun the story of the crucifixion. She was seated in her little room, by her dressing-table; a small shade-lamp threw the light over her book, and her head rested on her hand, while her abundant dark hair hung like a curtain about her shoulders. She was entirely absorbed in the story, and did not even notice Ruth's going in and out of the room. As she came to where the people cried "Away with him!" her tears fell thick and fast on the holy Book, and she shuddered when she read of the men looking on him whom they had pierced. As she closed the book, she



Jenny at the foot of the Cross.

His Jewels.—p. 342.

sat still a few moments, thinking; then she rose and prepared to retire.

Her body sank into an uneasy sleep, but her mind was still active. She dreamed that she was with the people at the trial of Jesus, and that her voice mingled with those who cried "Away with him! crucify him!" then, that she watched him, with the others, as he hung on the cross, and heard his gentle voice as he spoke to his mother, who stood weeping beside his cross. And then she turned to one of the people beside her, and said, "How can he be the Son of the living God, when he has not power to come down from the cross?" when, oh, terror of terrors! the dying Christ had heard her words, and looked at her, such a sad, reproachful look! And then it came over her what she had said, and she was struggling to hide her face, when she suddenly awoke. The sun had risen, and was shining into her room,

but she could not at first realize where she was. Finally, it all came back to her; it was only a dream. But she reasoned with herself: My life has not been a dream; it has been a mockery of my Saviour. She could not sleep; so she rose, and, putting on her wrapper, kneeled down by her bedside and bowed her head and closed her eyes. Then she thought to herself, "What am I doing? am I wild? This is only suffering man, only a martyr to a good cause. Why do these thoughts thrill my whole being?"

Then the hill seemed to rise again before her sight, and the three crosses dark against the sky, and she looked again at that middle cross. The sad face seemed still bent upon her. Suddenly the face lighted up as with a glory, and she heard the voice of one of those crucified with him, saying, "Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy

kingdom ;” and then the sweet voice of Jesus answered, “To-day thou shalt be with me in Paradise.” And the glory faded, and the air seemed full of darkness. In despair the weeping girl cried, “O Jesus, remember me ! Thou art my Lord and my God.” And then came a still voice through the air, “My child, I have loved thee from the foundation of the world !”

Then over her whole being came a feeling of perfect trust and peace. She rose from her knees, and, looking up to the blue sky beyond the fleecy clouds, said aloud, “I begin to see him as he is ; I will give my life and my talents all to him ; it is the least that I can do.” Then she opened her Bible to the story of Christ’s resurrection, and her face beamed with joy as she read of his appearing to the repentant Magdalene. She had read it before, but it did not seem like the same thing ; she had

thought of it as a solemn lesson, to be read in church on Sundays, but to-day it seemed all for her. She was just reading the story of the ascension, when there came a little tap on the door, and Ruth looked in with an anxious face.

"Jenny, love, I thought you were ill. I heard you up so long ago. What have you been doing?"

Jenny rose and threw her arms around Ruth's neck, and wept, and with broken words told her the story of her dream and her waking.

"I was ill, Ruth," she said, as she finished; "my whole head is sick, and my whole heart faint. The great sorrow came you know that I had dreaded; it seemed like a wave that was to overwhelm me; but it has only borne me on its breast to Jesus; and I am glad it came. Any thing would seem light now; I love him, and he has received me."

Ruth's tears mingled with Jenny's, and together they poured forth prayers of thankfulness to him who had redeemed them; and Ruth thought to herself, as she left her, truly, "He that goeth forth weeping, bearing precious seed, shall come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him. I will tell Fanny this, and it will help her along."

So Ruth did not forget to speak often to those who loved the Lord, and the Lord promised to "write the names of such in the book of his remembrance."

Henceforth a bond united the two girls, Ruth and Jane, stronger than any that had bound them before, and together they went forth as sowers of the word.

The veil had fallen from Jane's eyes, and she saw "God manifest in the flesh," and received the atonement as her hope in glory. No more trust in works that she had done,

but faith in the risen Redeemer as the propitiation for her sins.

“Except a man be born again, he cannot see the Kingdom of God.”

CHAPTER XXVI.

HE WATCHETH OVER HIS OWN.

"I have read the fiery gospel writ in burnished rows of steel ;
As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace shall deal.
Let the Hero born of woman crush the serpent with his heel,
Since God is marching on."—*Mrs. Howe.*



CUP of cold water, please, sir!"

The speaker was a boy of about eighteen. A few rags of blue flannel and a torn shirt clung, dirty and damp, around his well formed but emaciated body. His eyes were dark blue and piercing as they protruded from their sockets. His hair, which had once been brown and curly, and stroked by a mother's loving hand, was matted to his head, and no distinct color. There were crowds of others like him, all herded together like sheep in the old tobacco warehouse.

The air was stifling and full of groans and misery. Who are those men and boys? What dreadful crime have they committed? Have they been traitors to their country and their friends? Have they murdered the innocents, and robbed the widow and the fatherless, to forward their own designs?

Some of the men are over there beneath that dirt-begrimmed window looking at a little piece of cloth in a little book. One poor boy cries as he looks at it, and others are talking earnestly. What is it?

It is red and white, and is striped, and there are some stars in the corner of it, and the book it is in is a Testament, and herein we may find the causes of the treatment of these men.

They have been fighting for their country, for which their fathers died; for the same old flag for which they fought, and for the principles contained in that little book; and for

this they are crowded together in this black hole of death ; for daring to defend the right. Martyrs in a sacred cause !

But who is this asking for water ? He looks pale and feverish ; surely he will not be denied, for there is plenty of water outside, and the fountains are playing a little way off in those gardens.

"You're a green one, Jack," called out one of the men. "I should a-thought you'd found out before this, that cold water wasn't the fashion. Ask him for a glass of sherry ; you'll be about as apt to get it."

The keeper had turned away, without heeding the boy's request. The boy's face flushed a little, and he started angrily to spring at his throat, but he was gone, and the poor boy only heard his mocking laugh as he went down the stairs. He looked wildly about him for a moment, like an insane man, then with a low laugh like the echo of that on the

stairs, stretched himself out on the filthy straw beside him.

Poor Jack Rooney ! It is but a little while, comparatively, since you rode down Beacon street on your prancing black Rover, the air full of music, the flags waving and the bright faces beaming down on you from the balconies. But a little while since Ruth Campbell gave you that kind good-bye, and you took the Testament — Miss Mortimer's gift — from her hands with such a proud heart. It is only two years, poor boy, since that battle-morning when you brightened up your arms, and went into the cavalry charge with a wild hurrah, the young blood boiling in every vein. A new career seemed opening before you ; with your sabre you were to cut through the social cords that bound you down, and rise a hero ; and now it has come to this — a few rags and a heap of straw, sickness, hunger and want — almost an idiot boy !

There is something in his hand that he clasps tightly. It is dark now, and he cannot see the letters, but he mutters to himself parts that he has learned. Oh, those long dark nights in prison, who can picture their horrors? Sleepless and hungry, crowded together like animals, only less cared for, — it was enough to try the faith of the strongest saint.

Morning dawned, but no sunbeam fell on the floor in this prison house. It was a damp rainy day without, and oppressively warm and damp within.

"Come, boys," shouted one who was a new-comer, — the rest had long ceased such shoutings, — "breakfast time ; up with you !"

One poor boy, who had been dreaming of home, jumped suddenly up, "Buckwheat cakes, mother," — then he came to himself and slunk wearily back on to his straw, hiding his face in his hands. Some of the

others tried to get up a laugh at his expense, but it was like joking at a funeral, and they gave it up.

They had no breakfast this morning but ice-water, as one of the prisoners called a decoction of warm water and mud that looked like coffee.

Poor Jack drank it eagerly. A few months before, it would have made him sick, but now he was getting used to it.

No supper, no breakfast, but a dinner of very doubtful-looking pork and a hard piece of corn bread about as large as the palm of his hand. They tried in vain to occupy themselves during the day. One of the men had half of an old greasy pack of cards, which some of them tried to get excited over, but found it rather hard work. Another had three or four coppers, which went the rounds at different winnings. One man, who was getting half

foolish, entertained the company with stories sometimes; but his jokes were getting as weak as himself. One of the men would try to save a piece of his hard bread, and give a quarter of it one day, on condition of having half a one the next; and some were hungry enough to promise this.

One day, when they had had nothing to eat since the night before, a gayly-dressed rebel officer entered the room.

"Hurrah, boys! rather close quarters here. Any of you as will go and fight with me shall have his regular rations, and his clothes, and a good tent besides. Who'll go?"

The men looked at one another in surprise. "Think the rebel army must be pretty hard up, to try to get us," said one.

"No time for jokes, boys," said the lieutenant, a little nettled; "I'll give you two hours to think of it;" and so he left, and his sabre clanked against the stairs as he went down.

"Feller-Sogers and Bredering," said foolish Samuel, getting ready for a speech, "I moves we don't move. It's bad enough here, but I wont be a rebel; oh, no!" and he began to sing "Glory, hallelujah!"

"I declare," said one, "Sergeant Greene looks as if he were considering the matter." All eyes were turned on the sergeant as he rose.

"Fellow-comrades, you compel me to tell what I had hitherto resolved to keep secret. I came here, as you know, a week since; and I trust the small knowledge you have of me is all that could induce you to doubt my loyalty. On my way here, one of the rebel captains was particularly kind to me, and told me in confidence that we were to be released about this time."

The words were no sooner out of his mouth than he was interrupted by a cheer; and the men, who, a moment before, had

looked as if they were dying, looked as if they were well again, and ready to make a cavalry charge. Just then the door opened, and the gaudily-dressed officer entered again.

"Well, boys, are you ready to go with me? Plenty to eat, plenty to wear. I heard you cheering, and I suppose you have decided to come. How is it? Let all those ready to take the oath stand forth."

To the rebel's surprise, not a man moved.

"Perhaps you want longer to think of it. How soon would you be ready to go?"

"Never!" answered all voices together.

Then the promising look of the officer darkened. "Planning some mode of escape, I suppose; have to tighten your defences, I reckon, and take away a little more of these creature comforts," he added, pulling a ring off the hand of the man next to him, the only one which had escaped the rebel notice.

The man glowered upon him, but no one dared to attack him; for the revenge, alas! would be on all their heads.

"I don't know very well what more you could take from us," added one, "unless you skin us."

The lieutenant did not answer, but stood twisting the ring on his little finger. It was the ring Mary gave the young soldier the day they were married in the little church at home. He had it in his mouth when he underwent the search before entering the prison, and he had hoped to keep it now; but a fly had bitten his face, and as he thoughtlessly raised his hand to brush it off, the glitter had caught the rebel's eyes.

The man looked at him a moment. His face darkened; it was more than he could bear, and he rushed at the officer to force it from him. The fellow laughed mockingly, and gave a short whistle. In a moment

three muskets were pointed at the prisoner ; and the lieutenant tossing the ring out of the window, said, coolly, "There, that quarrel is easily settled ;" and then adding to the prisoners, "I am glad you are all so well satisfied with your quarters," left the room with the other soldiers.

A week passed, but no orders came to move, and the men in their weak condition were easily discouraged, and about giving up all hope, when one morning they were ordered out. The rebels said they "had been kept long enough, and they might as well go home."

Even the sickest then found strength to crawl outside, and start on the march. They were under guard of a strong detachment of mounted rebels. They seemed to be going a very circuitous route toward the North.

The second night came on. Jamie, a Scotch lad, turned to the others and said, "Boys,

we are na follerin' the gude North star. The rebels have deceived us." And so it was! The captain laughed when he saw the men so furious, and said, "Oh, it was only a joke!"

"Only a joke!" and there lies poor Fred Hastings dead. The march has been too hard for him. He does not care for Mary's ring now! He is past all sorrows. And there are two or three more "giving out" now. It was easy enough to keep up with the thought of home; but now all exertion seemed useless.

Poor Charlie Howard, he has fainted now, and the rebel cavalry come marching on, and the horses' hoofs crush his thin hand as it lies outstretched on the ground. "No orders to carry dead ones," and on they dash.

Poor widowed mother in New England, kneeling by your soldier-boy's bedside, pray on; you have need to pray, for the light of his blue eyes is fast fading out. And "it

was only a joke ! He would not have lived long any way." The rebel soldiery do not offer to lend their horses to the fainting men, who are walking barefoot before them.

They have at last reached their destination. It is a stormy night. Where is the shelter ? Nowhere, only an old cattle-pen ! And the men are driven in where hundreds of others are herded together, quarrelling and fighting and dying by the score.

A weary march it had been, and poor Jack Rooney had kept up with the thought he was going home. His intellect was too much weakened to understand the rebel joke, but to-night he comprehends it. His feet are torn and bleeding, and his back blistered and sore, only half covered by his torn shirt, and now, there is no shelter for him.

He can cool his burning back on the chilly swamp land, though there is no supper for him. He can have some, though, if he makes

a fire; but there is no wood. They have given him some meal or bran, but the others will not let him cook it by their scanty fires, and so he eats it raw. He sits there on the wet ground, the rain pouring down on him, his hair hanging over his face, a dull vacant stare in his eyes, eating his handful of meal, and laughing to himself. In one hand he holds his Testament — what there is left of it. But here comes a rebel officer?

“Why don’t you cook your supper with that ere book? ’Twould kindle right smart.”

“Supper?” said Jack; “me no supper — where supper?”

“In your hand there, lazy coot,” and the man seized the book from his hand, and applied a match to it.

Jack’s mind seemed to return for an instant, and with flashing eyes he rose to his feet. “Take that book at your peril, sir,” he muttered between his closed teeth.

“ Ah ! making believe idiot, was yer ; down with yer. I was going to teach yer how to cook yer supper, but I guess I wont waste no more on yer. Here, Daniel, take this fellow and put him in the corner of that old pen, there.”

“ My book,” said the boy, struggling in the arms of the negro, who dared not disobey his master.

The book lay burning on the ground. “ What do you want with books? you can’t read.”

“ My book !” screamed the boy ; but the man did not stir, and seemed to take pleasure in tormenting him.

The negro started to rescue it, for the rain seemed to deaden the flame ; but the rebel bade him in a stern voice to be off and obey his orders. The old negro groaned, and taking the boy in his arms carried him away to the small pen in the farther part of the ground.

The boy was light and easily carried. The momentary flash of intellect had passed away, and he lay weakly in the man's arms. The negro took off his own coat and laid it on the damp ground, and then laid the boy tenderly on it, and as he looked at him, soliloquized, —

“Poor boy! he done gone foolish. Ole Daniel do all he can for him; wish he could take him to Dinah; she'd know how to fix him up right smart; but lor! what could any body do for him in this yere hole.”

Jack looked up in the kind dark face bending over him, and murmured, “You give me supper?”

“Supper, bress yer, ole Daniel didn't hev none hisself; folks mighty close, down yere; but pray to the Lord, boy. He'll help yer. He's helped this yere old man heaps o' times when he thought he was all gone.”

“Where the Lord?” muttered Jack, as he rested his large mournful eyes on the negro's face.

"Whar the Lord?" repeated the negro, and muttered, as he turned his head aside to brush away a tear, "What hard questions the boy asks." And then turning to the boy said, "Me nobody but ole Daniel; me dunno whar the Lord is; but me know when me pray, he come right down to whar ole negro is; and if yer pray, he'll come right stra' down to yer."

The boy groaned, "Poor Jack wants some supper;" and then feeling about on the ground, said, "Where Jack's book?"

"What do you stand fooling over that Yankee for, you black coot?" said Daniel's master, who had just come to see if his order had been obeyed.

"Oh, massa, me thinks he'm most dead. Can't ole Daniel bring him some o' the crusts as was leff from massa's table? Me think the dogs haint got em yet."

"Off with you, you sneaking black sheep.

We're ruining ourselves now with the money we spend on these wretches."

The old negro went slowly off, his master behind him to stop any retreat. He looked back once at the boy and groaned, but an admonitory kick served to turn his head back again..

"Massa can't help me prayin', no how," Daniel thought, as he was kicked into his hut for the night. And the rain ceased, the stars came out, and the moon shone down on that little hut, and the old negro knelt there by the little window, praying with all his might "for the poor soger-boy as don't know whar the Lord is."

It is midnight now; he rises from his knees, looks at Dinah a moment and sees she is fast asleep, then he emerges from the hut. He goes stealthily up to his master's quarters, enters the open door and hears the sound of the noisy bacchanal in the room above. He

goes stealthily into the supper-room, and taking half a loaf of bread, puts it in his pocket, and goes quickly and lightly out of the house, through the yard, and then down near the stockade. But how is he to pass the guard? — he had forgotten that. “God help me!” he murmurs, and the sentinel is asleep. He passes by him, and in a moment is where he left the boy.

The boy seems to be sleeping, and there is a smile on his face. “Dreaming of home, me thinks,” said the old man, and he stooped to raise his arm, but it was stiff; and then he bent his ear to his face — there was no breath there, and his face was cold as ice, as he lay there in the light of the moon.

The old negro started back, and the tears rolled down his cheeks, as he murmured, “Bress the Lord! he no more need ole Daniel’s help now.”

No, kind old man, he needs it not, “For

the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed him, and shall lead him unto living fountains of water; and God shall wipe away all tears from his eyes. He shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on him, nor any heat."

It is not so easy to evade the guard now; he is awake, and the negro is carried to his master for punishment.

"Fifty stripes," said the young man, as he tossed the red wine down his throat; "and don't bring me any more such cases, or I'll give you fifty more yourself."

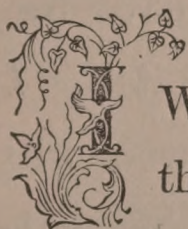
"Fifty lashes!" and the old man is lying bruised and sore in his little hut.

Never mind, we cannot help him; and he is one of the Lord's veterans. He is there with him; for, in Daniel's own words, "when he'm pray, the Lord come right down to whar ole negro is."

CHAPTER XXVII.

JENNY'S DIARY.

"For one poor flower of thanks to thee,
Thou showerest down all night to me
Lilies of heaven."



"MAY 1st.

I WAS looking out of Ruth's window this morning; the wind was blowing hard, and tossing about the great branches of the trees, and such a sad, sad feeling came over me! How can I endure this cold world, these stormy winds, and all the sorrows that may be before me, with the memory of the joys that are past? Then there came through my soul, sweeter than any strain of music I ever heard, the words, 'He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust;' and all my melancholy passed away. It was like a voice from heaven.

"I wrote in my journal yesterday, 'Life is all made up of clouds and showers, and death is the rainbow at the end, through which we pass to the sunlight beyond,' but I do not feel so to-day; God has put some of heaven's sunshine into my soul.

"It is at last decided I am to have the house I wished for my little hospital. I have four patients in mind now who will be removed there as soon as the house is ready. My life will not be quite like what I used to fancy; but God has marked it out for me, and I am willing and glad to spend and be spent, or bear any thing, if he only receive me at last. Miss Crosby is to help me, and a great many kind friends have given me money to start with, and the promise of more. The thought of Helen helps me on. There will be one angel at least to watch over us.

"The parsonage is being remodelled. It

looks so cosey and homelike beside the ivy-mantled church. Ruth thinks so, too. I am glad my mother is to be with me in the hospital; she can do so much better than I in almost every thing. I shall still keep up my painting, it is such a comfort to me in more ways than one.

"Jerry Shaw has bought his mother's cottage for her, and is coming home soon to live with her and take charge of the little farm. Ruth says her brother William is going to study to be a physician, and is to make his home in the far West when the war is over. Johnny Williams came in this morning; he goes to the High-School next year, and feels very large in view of his new honors. I believe he has given up the idea of being a soldier since poor Jack's death. I am so glad I gave him that Testament, poor boy! I wish I could thank that old negro who was so kind to him!

But it is getting late, so I must not write more to-night. Good-night, little stars and little round world! Good-night, birds in your nests and children in your beds! 'Peace on earth and good will to men.'"

CHAPTER XXVIII.

TWO ARE BETTER THAN ONE.

“ For the happy hour that waits
No reproachful shade shall bring,
And I hear forgiving Fates
In the happy bells that ring.

Leave the song that now is mute,
For the sweeter song begun ;
Leave the blossom for the fruit,
And the rainbow for the sun ! ”

—*Bayard Taylor.*



ING out, joyous chimes ! Peal your merriest wedding-bells ! — for to-day, two young pure hearts are to be made one. Two of the Father's children are to unite their lives to do his will, to follow him hand in hand.

“ And who is to become a bride to-day ? ” croaks an old beldame, as she pauses on her cane before the church door.

“ Don't you know ? ” queried the child in surprise. “ I thought everybody knew Miss Ruth. ”

The old woman bent her head a little nearer. "I'm a stranger in the town, child; who is she?"

The child looked up wonderingly. "I don't know who she is, or I don't know how to tell it, but I know she's my Sabbath-school teacher, and she's the dearest, sweetest lady in the world, except mamma."

"And who is she to wed, my pretty child?" croaked the old woman again.

"If you mean marry, she is going to marry our minister, and I cannot stop any longer, for mamma says I must not talk to people I do not know;" so the child ran on, and the old woman stalked along with her cane, until she met a boy.

"I wonder if everybody does know that Ruth," she croaked; "say, boy, what time is the wedding to be, and are there to be fine doings?"

"She's to be married at twelve, and it's

going to be splendid, so all the boys say," and the lad went on.

"Well, I guess I'll sit on one o' the grave-stones an' watch. I kinder want to see that Miss Ruth everybody talks about;" so the old woman adjusted her red cloak, and sat down on a stone to watch.

Two children went by chattering like two magpies. "I say, Carrie, are you going to wear a blue or a green sash? You know we are all going to dress in white, but we can wear what color we like with it."

"Well, I think, Annie, that I shall wear blue, but I am not quite sure. Mother has some pink in the house, and I may have to wear that; but if I do, I'll have myrtle on the sleeves and pink roses to match."

"Oh, that will be beautiful," said Annie, beginning to skip about. "And we are all to sit one side of the broad aisle, all us Sabbath-school children, right where we can see the bride when she comes in."

"It seems so funny, Annie, to hear you say the bride, for I always think of her as Miss Ruth."

"Well, she is the bride any way," persisted the little girl; "and she'll make a real sweet one too; my mother says so!"

"Wont it be funny! she'll be the 'minister's wife.'"

"You seem to think she can't be any thing but Miss Ruth. I suppose it is because you are so young makes you feel so."

Annie was just one year older than Carrie, so it happened.

"Well, good-bye, Annie, I must go in now, for I don't want to be late a minute." So the children parted.

"Say, Aunt Nancy, mayn't I wear my white dress? all the other girls are going to."

Can this Aunt Nancy be the Miss Hawkins we met so long ago? Did she have those brown curls round her face, and that gentle

smile? Did she allow the front window blinds to be open on week days? and did she have those crayoned faces of happy children hanging on the walls? Did she have the flowers picked out of the best front garden and brought in to "litter up her best room?" Well, no she didn't, but she does now. She has "changed" her mind about some things, and "children will be children, you know!"

"What do you want to wear white for? It will get all soiled up, and not be fit to wear Sunday."

"But, Aunt Nancy, now mayn't I, please? I should look like a crow among the others if I didn't!"

Miss Hawkins' eyes twinkled as she answered, "Your white dress is all ready for you, and is on your bed upstairs."

"Why, Aunt Nancy, what a dear good auntie you are! Why didn't you tell me before!"

"I thought I would surprise you, Mollie; but it is time to get ready. Run upstairs, and in a little while I will come up and help you."

And in a few minutes the patient aunt went up to her little niece, and sat there for half an hour, hooking and buttoning and tying a string here, and making a bow there, and smiling all the time at the odd little movements and quaint fun of the child.

"There, auntie; hark! I am sure I heard the bells ringing the second time. They were going to ring twice, you know, and we were to be there the second time."

"Well, Mollie, I believe you are all ready now, and I will put on my bonnet and go along with you."

"Why, Aunt Nancy, I thought you said you did not care for weddings?"

"I don't think much of them generally; but this is the minister's, you know; so it is different."

"I am so glad you are going, auntie;" and so the two went down the street together.

The bells are pealing merrily; the children in white are on either side of the carpeted way up to the church, and the people are gathered about on every side. The children's eyes suddenly brighten, and the people instinctively turn their heads, for there come the prancing white horses. Now they pause before the church, and the driver opens the door, while a boy holds the horses.

First out step the youthful bridesmaids and groomsmen, then the second carriage comes up, and the coachman draws in the reins and the eager horses pause.

"It's Miss Ruth, now, any way," says little Annie Turner to her older sister.

"Hush, Annie! don't speak so loud; the people will hear you. There, they are coming!" The youthful pastor steps from the carriage and reaches his hand to the bride,

who steps lightly on the carpet. Her veil is over her face now, but does not hide the flush on her cheeks, or the gleam of golden hair beneath the hazy white.

The children scatter flowers in her way, and she presses them with her feet as she passes on into the church. Then the organ sounds, and the bridal party pass up to the altar, while the children follow, and other people. The wall behind the pulpit is covered with climbing ivies, and every nook and crevice is wreathed with lilies.

Jenny is one of the bridesmaids. Her face looks pale and sad, but calm and gentle. The aged minister who is to perform the ceremony is the father of the bridegroom, and his hoary head contrasts with the dark hair of his son. Ruth lifts her veil slightly, and the service begins. As Ralph Stedman promises to keep her until death parts them, his voice slightly trem-

bles. Death seemed so far from that sweet face so full of life, that he had not thought of it before. But as the minister makes the closing prayer, and the prayers of all the people — young and old — go up to heaven for the loved pastor and his bride, his heart is strengthened, and the momentary chill passes away.

The service is over, and the children come to bid farewell to their pastor and his wife, who are to leave them for a short tour to the West.

“Good-bye, Miss Ruth,” says one little cherub face, as she puts up her rosy lips to be kissed.

“Why, Annie! it isn’t Miss Ruth now; it is Mrs. Stedman.”

The little girl looked up wonderingly in the gentle face, and then, as she passed on, said to her sister, —

“Well, Clara, I couldn’t help it; I’m real sorry I said it!”

Ruth caught the words, and, turning around, called the child to her.

"It is no matter, Annie; I am just the same, and you can call me what you like."

The good-byes are over, and the bridal-party go down to the carriages in waiting for them.

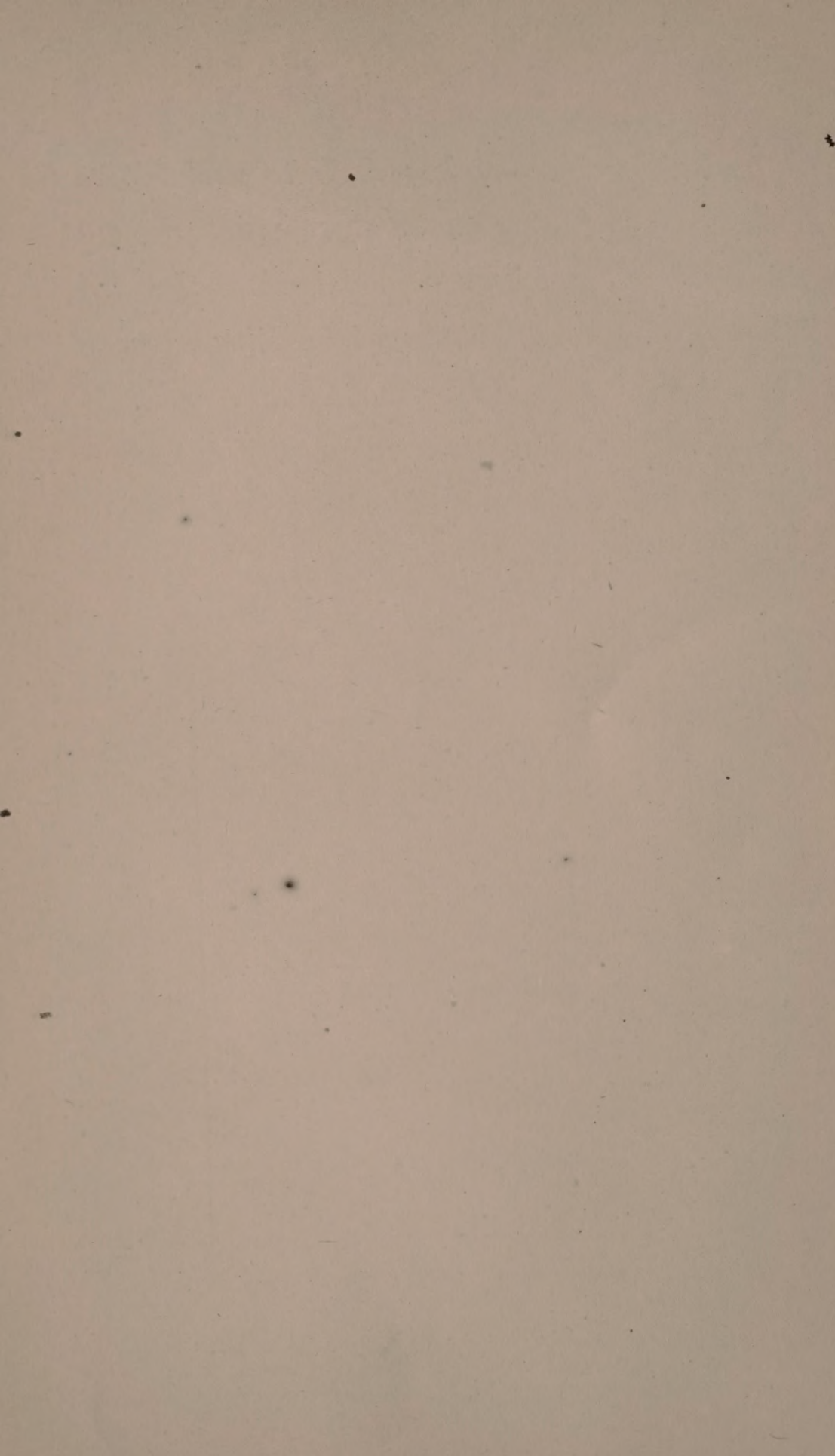
Captain Campbell is home on leave, and the children's eyes are divided between him and his sister.

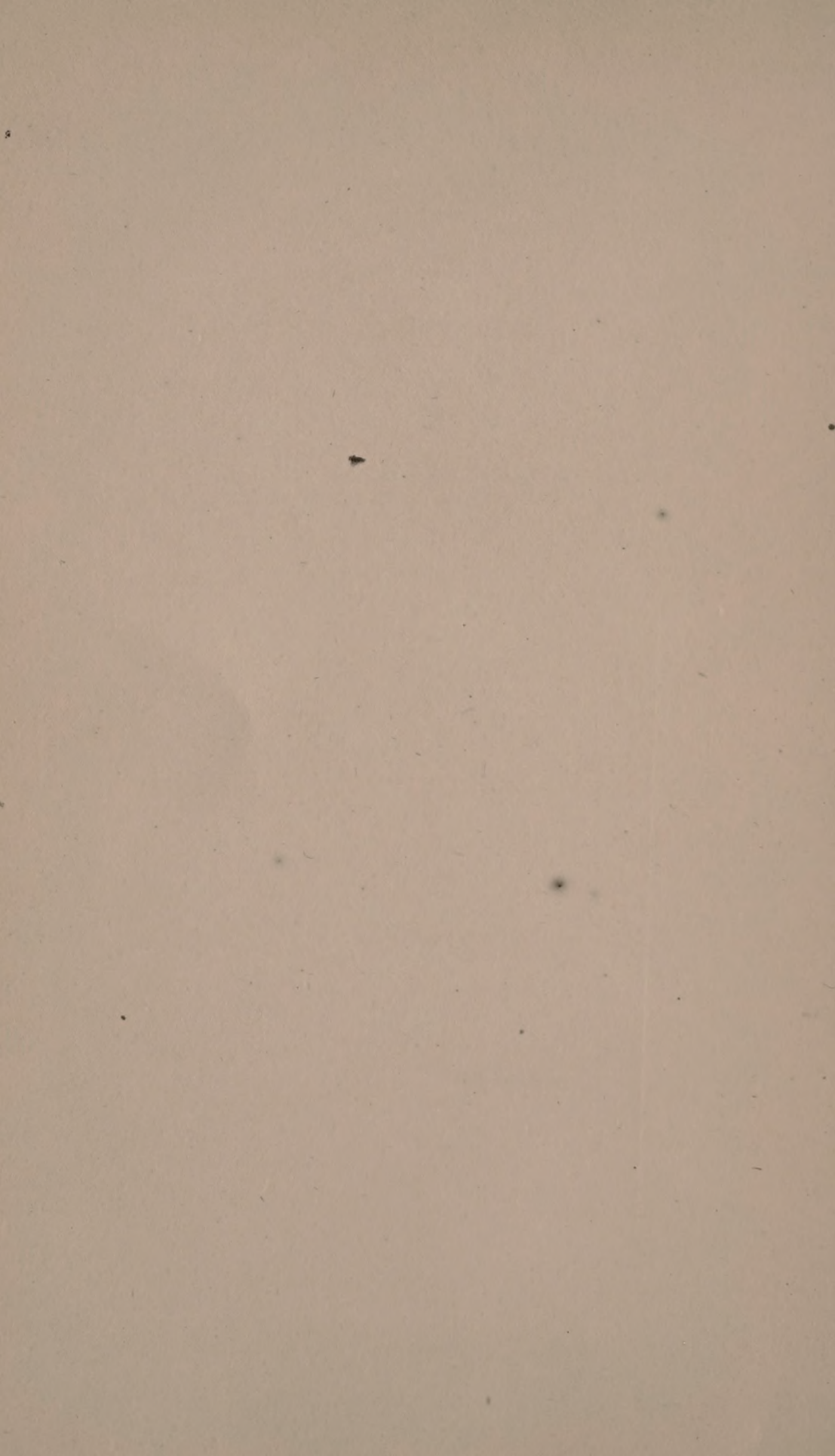
It was a bright, happy scene, full of sunshine and flowers, gentle faces and kind words. It was a sacred scene too, for they were both consecrated to the Lord's service, and it was in the temple dedicated to Him.

Farewell! we too must say farewell, bright, happy Ruth! You are in the hands of one who loves you above all others on earth, and you and Ralph are both in the hands of One who never slumbereth or sleepeth. "Speak ye often one to another,"

of the love of God, and labor earnestly for the perishing souls about you, and by and by, when the labor is all done, the jewels cut and polished by earth's cutting tools, in the care of the Master Workman, then your names shall be written in the book of His remembrance, and in the day when he maketh up His Jewels, you shall be His !”

FINIS.





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